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JUNE 28, 1884

# THE GRAPHIC.

AN

## ILLUSTRATED

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## NEWSPAPER.



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# THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1884

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1. Mr. Bishop, Before Blackholding Himself, Begs Everybody to Detect Him in Fraud, if Possible.—2. Game 1: "Very H—!"—3. Ditto, "Cooler."—4. Game 3: "Cold."—5. Mr. Bishop Calls for "Air and Water!"—6. An "Unbelieving Thomas."—7. Game 2: Science (?) Leading Literature and Art Out of Window.—8. Science, Literature, and Art Attack Religion, and, Obliging it to Divest, Do Not Find the Pin, but Mr. Millais Finds a Long Lost Friend.—9. Mr. Bishop's Powers of Contemplation Absolutely Nil.—10. The Bank Note Business; or, The Black Art on the Black Board—Frenzy of the Seer. The Chairman (Subject) Loses His Balance.

HIDE AND SEEK AT WESTMINSTER—"THOUGHT-READING" BY MR. IRVING BISHOP



## Topics of the Week

**THE ANGLO-FRENCH AGREEMENT.**—There is still some doubt as to the precise significance of the Anglo-French Agreement. Mr. Gladstone and Lord Granville minimised as much as possible the functions of the International Board; whereas M. Ferry assured the French Chamber that, by the Multiple Control in its new form, France would practically gain all the advantages she possessed in the time of the Dual Control. Again, while the English Ministers left it doubtful whether the assent of any one Power would suffice to justify us in remaining in Egypt after the 1st of January, 1888, the French Minister distinctly repudiated this interpretation of the Agreement. On both points M. Ferry's view may probably be accepted as accurate; and, if so, the prospect before England and Egypt is certainly not a very agreeable one. Even if we assume that we shall not be seriously hampered by the International Board, what chance is there that in three years we shall be able to establish stable institutions in one of the most distracted countries in the world? Since the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir we have done hardly anything for the Egyptian people; and it is in the highest degree improbable that, even with our help, the authority of the Khedive can soon be placed on a sure basis. Egypt is full of restless adventurers; and, when the English troops are withdrawn, there will be nothing to prevent men of this class from becoming supreme. The English Government intends to propose that Egypt shall be made "an African Belgium;" and if Egyptian institutions resembled Belgian institutions, this would, no doubt, be an excellent settlement. But, if the wretched fellahen are to be handed over to the Pashas, and to an International Board working in the interests of the bondholders, it will be poor consolation to them to know that the independence of their country is guaranteed by the Great Powers. The truth is, that no such guarantee would or could be effective. Egypt, in her present condition, is incapable of self-government; and she can be made capable of it only under the guidance of a Power strong enough to protect her from the dangers by which she is beset both from without and from within.

**PARLIAMENT AND THE ANGLO-FRENCH AGREEMENT.**—The Conservatives were naturally much disappointed by the manner in which Parliament received the Ministerial statements regarding the Anglo-French Agreement. It had been hoped that a considerable number of the Liberals would be willing at once to record their disapproval of the policy of the Government; but this anticipation proved to be incorrect. Mr. Gladstone resolutely declined to reveal the proposals which are to be submitted to the Conference, and almost all those who usually support him felt that it would be inexpedient to express a definite opinion about an Agreement which forms only a part of a great scheme. On Wednesday Sir Stafford Northcote gave notice, on behalf of Mr. Bruce, of a resolution censuring the Government; but he can scarcely have expected that there would be a majority in favour of the motion. It is, of course, possible that Parliament may never be called upon by the Government to pronounce judgment on the results of its negotiations with France; for the Conference may be unable to arrive at an understanding about the proposed reduction of the interest on the Egyptian debt, in which case the Agreement, as Mr. Gladstone has explained, would become inoperative. The chances are, however, that the labours of the Conference will be brought to a successful issue. The French Government would hardly have accepted the English concessions if it had not intended to sanction Mr. Gladstone's financial proposals; and should the approval of France be secured, there can be little doubt that her example will be followed by the other Powers. It was thought at one time that the French people would resist the slightest interference with the rights of the bondholders; but there is now good reason to believe that if in M. Ferry's opinion it is necessary for them to make some sacrifices, they will accept his judgment in the matter. What we have to expect, then, is that Mr. Gladstone will appear by-and-by in Parliament with a complete scheme, including the Anglo-French Agreement and the final decisions of the Conference; and at present it seems highly improbable that the scheme will be rejected. It will be difficult for Parliament to condemn a policy which has received the assent of Europe; and even apart from this consideration, most Liberals will argue that whether the policy be good or bad, it will be safer to make the best of it than to place Lord Salisbury in power.

**THE TOULON CHOLERA OUTBREAK.**—Although the disease which has been ravaging Toulon this week appears to be merely sporadic cholera, such as might be cultivated anywhere with the same certainty as cucumbers or mushrooms are grown by experts, the scare will serve a useful purpose if it causes Europe to set her house in order. The outbreak of cholera last year in Egypt was either of the true Asiatic type, or so near akin to that scourge as to come into the same category of deadly epidemic disease. Now, it is on record that, on previous occasions of the sort, the disease has apparently died out with the coming of cooler weather,

only to return with greater virulence at the next hot season. History also contains instances of the second outbreak happening at a considerable distance from the scene of the first, the germs having been carried by travellers and dropped *in transitu*, to remain hidden and unsuspected until called into activity by favouring circumstances. Your bacillus is a very particular gentleman in some things; unless his environments satisfy his taste, he will sulk, and refuse to prove himself the conqueror of humanity. But when he meets with such a right royal reception as the citizens of Toulon had prepared for him, he soon shows his terrible might at the expense of his hosts. When will people learn that the laws of sanitation can no more be set at defiance with impunity than a dose of prussic acid can be safely drunk as a pick-me-up before dinner? Here were these Toulon folks actually passing their lives amid abominations which are sickening even to read of; and yet, when King Cholera appeared among them, they were as much frightened as some humbugging necromancer of old would have been had his incantations raised the devil. That is just what their unholy spells with open cesspools and foul drains did; they raised a most ruthless devil in their midst; and, if they do not mend their ways, he will assuredly prove the avant courier of a Diabolus worse than himself—either Asiatic cholera or the bubonic plague which has just appeared at Bagdad.

**A DULL SEASON.**—The mourning of the Court has made this season a dull one. A West End tradesman being asked what he meant by this, answered: "Selling ten thousand pairs of gloves a day less than ought to be sold in London." The figure looks big, but if we consider what an impetus is lent to trade by a lively season it will not appear exaggerated. When large entertainments are given in the highest circles of society to honour members of the Royal Family, one ball leads to another, one dinner promotes many dinners, one garden party, picnic, or bazaar stirs up emulation, and doubles the labours of West End postmen in distributing invitation cards. Ten thousand pairs of gloves are soon sold in a city of four millions; but think what they represent in money. Think also what a difference it must make to milliners, tailors, wine merchants, confectioners, and others, whether Society is given up to merry-making, or whether it puts on an air of sadness. If extravagance is contagious, so is parsimony, and householders always seem pretty glad, after all, when a fashion sets in for not spending money on feeding one's neighbour and making him dance. A dull season, no doubt, has its uses. If we are to believe all doctors say about the vitiated atmosphere of ball rooms, the danger of nervous exhaustion which threatens young ladies who dance too much, and elderly dames who sit blinking during the long hours of chaperonage, it must be reckoned a good thing that there should have been comparatively so little entertaining this year. Society is breaking up much earlier than usual, and betaking itself to fields, sea-side, and foreign touring. It is a comfort, however, that the season has not been blank so far as matrimonial engagements are concerned. Perhaps quiet drives and afternoon tea are more favourable to such things than roaring routs and mammoth crushes.

**THE FRANCHISE BILL AND THE LORDS.**—For some time there appeared to be a fair chance that the House of Lords would not be called upon to consider the question of the Franchise during the existence of the present Parliament. Now, however, it is improbable that the policy of the Government with regard to Egypt will be condemned; and so the Upper House will have to undertake the very unwelcome task of either accepting or throwing out the Franchise Bill. Nobody knows which of these alternatives will be adopted, for although Lord Salisbury has pledged himself to oppose the measure, it is uncertain whether he will abide by this decision, and whether, if he does, he will be followed by a majority of the Conservative peers. It is difficult to see what advantage would be gained by Lord Salisbury's policy. There is no reason to suppose that, if he succeeded in forcing a dissolution, the result of a general election would be favourable to his party. Liberal opinion is certainly divided about the foreign policy of the Government; but there is no serious dispute among Liberals as to the domestic questions which are now before the country; and both Whigs and Radicals are as anxious to prevent Lord Salisbury from "jerrymandering" the Constitution as he is to prevent Mr. Gladstone from doing so. It is as certain, therefore, as anything in politics can be that a new House of Commons would send up to the Lords a Bill precisely similar to that which they have now to discuss; and its rejection would, of course, be impossible. They would then receive no credit for having arbitrarily resisted a great scheme of reform. They have an excellent opportunity of showing that they know when it is inexpedient to oppose the popular will; and for their own sakes it may be hoped that they will not let the opportunity escape.

**THE SOUDAN DECORATIONS.**—Thanks largely to press criticisms on the original scheme of decorations for the Soudan Campaign, the forces engaged there are to be honoured in something like a fair and appropriate manner. Those regiments, such as the Gordon Highlanders and Black Watch, which won the Egyptian medal during the Tel-el-

Kebir Campaign, will have a clasp for Suakim added, while the battalions which did not fight under Lord Wolseley are to have the medal but not the clasp. All will participate equally in the separate clasps for El Teb and Tamasi, each man who was present in those hot engagements receiving the decoration. On the whole, a fairer arrangement could not well have been made, unless a Soudan medal, with clasps for the two fights, had been issued, and that course, unfortunately, did not commend itself to the Government. Now that recognition is made at last of the fact that the expedition under Sir Gerald Graham went through a regular campaign—no one doubted it but the Government—it may well be asked whether a vote of thanks should not be given to the troops. They either deserved well of the country by their prowess in the field, or they did not. If they did, they are certainly entitled to an expression of national gratitude; if they did not, they cannot have any sort of right to the decorations just awarded to them. But the Government have cut themselves off from advancing this latter excuse, by sanctioning the issue of the medal and clasps; the case therefore stands that they withhold the vote of thanks out of sheer obstinacy. This is all the more odd inasmuch as the well-deserved compliment would not cost a farthing, an important consideration at a time when the "sweet simplicity" of Consols is being betrayed by the appointed guardian of that modest virgin. Perhaps the obstacle may be that Mr. Gladstone cannot yet bring himself to recognise the Soudan campaign as even "an operation of war," but in that case, why issue the medal and clasps?

**"PACKED" MEETINGS.**—It used to be said that politicians needed to have thick skins, but some recent outcries about packed meetings lead one to doubt whether there is much hardness of cuticle among our public men. A packed meeting, according to the latest definition, is an assemblage in which the minority cannot have things all their own way. A follower of Mr. Firth's gets into a room where the majority are not agreed with him about the expediency of abolishing all the London Vestries, and forthwith he concludes that the meeting has been "packed." If he spoke his full mind he would say that every individual in the majority had been bribed to come and cry him down. Responsible statesmen speaking in meetings which they themselves have convoked are hardly more reasonable. If a dissentient cry arises an imputation is cast at the malcontent of having been suborned to create disorder. Nothing less than unanimity of praise will satisfy some of our public men, who prate most loudly about free opinions; and it so happens that this hypersensitiveness as to criticism is the outcome of a period when men in high places are most unsparing in their abuse of rivals. The forms of abuse practised to-day have not the coarseness of the old style of party-nagging, but they are more perfidious and irritating because of the high moral tone which they affect. However, before we can allow our public men to set up as preachers and to enjoy the immunities of the pulpit we must ask them to make the acts of party politics square a little more than they do with precepts of the highest morality.

**GERMAN COLONIAL POLICY.**—During the present week there has been much talk about German Colonial policy, but, notwithstanding the remarkable speech addressed by Prince Bismarck to the Budget Committee, it may be doubted whether the Germans will ever seriously attempt to found important colonies. Great colonial enterprises can be undertaken only by men who have been trained in the habits of self-government. This is the real reason why the colonial policy of France in the eighteenth century so conspicuously failed, and it explains the almost uniform success both of the English and of the Dutch as colonising nations. If by any chance a large number of Germans found themselves in some territory previously unoccupied, they would be incapable of making a good use of their opportunities. In Germany private enterprise is everywhere overshadowed by the State. Many things that we prefer to do for ourselves the German people expect the Government to do for them; and in their own country life would seem to most of them intolerable without a powerful and benevolent bureaucracy. In America and Australia Germans contrive to prosper, but that is because social and political institutions are already established in these countries, so that newcomers have no occasion to trouble themselves about public affairs. Were German colonists obliged to form institutions of their own, they would be almost helpless, and they could hope to succeed only with the aid of settlers belonging to more democratic nations. England would have nothing to fear from German competition, even if strong German colonies sprang up in many parts of the world; but few emigrants from the Fatherland are likely to seek homes in new regions as long as they are sure of a cordial welcome in the United States.

**SO DISINTERESTED!**—Calcutta and Madras are raising a great outcry about the terrible results which proceed from the annual migration of officialdom from those cities to the hills. So loud is the din that it has already penetrated to the House of Commons, where an honourable member has found his soul vexed within him by the costliness of the fitting. With all possible deference to the school of rigid economists, we venture to think that this is a matter entirely beyond their province. If India is governed better by allowing her chief legislators and administrators to betake themselves to a cool climate during the hot season, it is of small



moment that the system involves an additional expenditure of 50,000*l.* or 100,000*l.* per annum. But even higher ground may be taken. Without saying a syllable against the superior culture and enlightenment of the Presidency towns, we make bold to affirm that public opinion there does not represent the public opinion of the Peninsula generally. It is good, therefore, that the Viceroy and all the chiefs of provinces should move occasionally beyond their own domains, lest they should fall under the influence of cliques, and acquire the "local mind." That Calcutta and Madras should wish to upset the present system, and keep their demigods with them all the year round, is natural enough. The presence of a Governor-General or Governor promotes gaiety, puts money into circulation, gives *prestige* to the place of his residence, and enables its leading inhabitants to exercise political influence in his Council Chamber. But all this tends to get him fixed in a groove, and that, of all things, is most to be deprecated in a country where the groove system of administration is only too indigenous. As for the assertion that public feeling, both native and European, is unanimously opposed to the annual migration, this plainly has reference only to the Presidency towns. Up-country, the general feeling is, we undertake to say, altogether in favour of continuing the present arrangement.

"CABBY."—Lord Rosebery was right in saying that there are men of strange antecedents among the cabdrivers. Most of us could name some old school or college acquaintance who having been too free with his money was last heard of tooling a hansom. There is independence and dignity in the cabman's life—especially if he drives a well-appointed trap; as regards money-making, too, his profession offers some of the excitement of a game of hazard, and it is this which renders it so attractive to men of broken fortunes. Most cabmen, however, see hard times, and this they owe entirely to the foolishness of the public in over-paying them. The cab-owner makes the driver bring him 17*s.* 6*d.* or 15*s.* a day, even in winter months, because he knows of drivers who by their smartness and luck have earned two and three pounds in a day. If it became the custom to pay cabmen no more than their exact fares, profits, instead of being calculated on aleatory chances, would be reckoned on a statistical table of fair averages; and both the public and drivers would be the better off for the change. As things go the cab-owner speculates on the sharpness of his men, while the latter speculate on the probability that they will be able to wring more than their due out of customers. The whole principle is wrong. People pay their mere fares travelling by rail, bus, or tram, and why should they consider themselves under obligations to do more in the case of a cab-journey? Those who truly want to befriend the cabman will best show their kindness by helping to eliminate the element of uncertainty from his gains. He may growl at such kindness, but fair payments will be better for him in the long run than casual overpay which reduces his business to a lottery.

COMPLETELY EDUCATED.—If at nine years of age a boy tries to commit murder and arson, after deliberately planning both crimes, what sort of offences will he be likely to attempt when nineteen years old? This is the pretty little rule of three sum with which the philanthropic mind will be likely to concern itself after reading the report of a case heard at Lambeth the other day. Two tiny urchins, nine years old, conveyed a still younger child to an unoccupied house at Penge and popped it into a deep dust-bin, afterwards piling bricks on the lid to prevent its escape. There it remained all night and until past noon on the following day, and it would certainly have died of starvation had not one of the would-be murderers boasted to another boy that he knew a capital way of making money. Being pressed to reveal this valuable secret, he said that he and "a pal" had put a "little 'un" into a dust-bin the night before, and when it was properly dead they intended to "discover" the body, and get a reward from the police. But the little wretches knew of and practised another plan for earning an honest penny. After they had sealed up the unfortunate child in the dust-bin, they betook themselves to another unoccupied house, collected a quantity of inflammable rubbish, saturated it with paraffine which they had bought on purpose, and set a light to the jolly bonfire in one of the lower rooms. Their object was, no doubt, to get the trifling reward which is paid to those who bring the first information of a fire to a police-station. Such are the leading facts of the story, and grimly suggestive they look. What could the home training of the little assassins have been? Did they ever learn at school that the Divine law forbids murder? How did they come by the special knowledge they displayed as to the efficacy of paraffine for fire-raising purposes? Who instilled it into their minds that rewards are paid for the discovery of dead bodies and fires? They are "only nine years old!"

NEW DISHES.—The experiments in Chinese cookery at the Health Exhibition will have been useful even if they do not immediately develop a taste among us for cold dog-soup and assafetida. We might profit much by learning what other nations eat; in fact the exchange of culinary ideas among peoples is not yet nearly so brisk as it ought to be. Cooks are terrible conservatives. Although in the homes of the intelligent and well-to-do some progress has been made of late years in the adoption of new dishes, yet the movement is far from being general, and most of our countrymen

live much as their fathers did. The same may be said of the French. We wish the light tasty omelette could be acclimatised among us so as to be familiar in every home and restaurant; but the French on their side might do worse than naturalise our muffin and some of our puddings. Unfortunately in cooking as in other matters the too-zealous reformer is always working mischief; and since people bear less patiently rash experiments on their stomachs than on their political constitutions a too-reckless policy of innovation in the kitchen is sure to cause a revolution in the dining-room, and reaction. In the house where an ill-copied foreign dish has once failed there is a strong chance of that dish not being seen again on the board for some time, so that progress is perforce slow. The frugal housewife will not open her purse for experiments in meat and drink which lead to waste, and to grumbles from the head of the family table. That is why the schools of cookery are such excellent things, and deserve every encouragement. They are to the science of cooking what Shoeburyness is to that of gunnery.



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It will be Published on MONDAY, July 14, at ONE SHILLING, or by Post 2½*d.* extra.  
N.B.—AN EDITION DE LUXE is issued of this Number for the benefit of regular Subscribers to that Edition. Price 1*s.* 6*d.*

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued as an EXTRA SUPPLEMENT, a portrait of the RIGHT HON. SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, M.P., drawn from life.



### "THOUGHT READING"

MUCH interest has been excited during the past few years by the assertion by certain persons that they possess the faculty of reading the thoughts of others. Numerous *séances* have been given at which the operator, blindfolded, has, by holding the hand of one of the audience (the "subject" or "medium"), endeavoured to find hidden objects, or to decipher the number of a banknote known only to the "medium" whose thoughts are thus professedly read. "Thought reading," however, is by no means so occult an art as it seems; for, as any person can ascertain for himself, by experiments in his own drawing-room or study, the "medium" selected affords the necessary information through involuntary nerve or muscle movements, easily interpreted by a practised operator, who can thus detect that the least resistance is unconsciously afforded when he makes a movement in the right direction. Of course some "mediums," ordinarily those of a high nervous organisation, offer more indications than others; while there is an equal latitude of skill in the operator in giving them their correct significance. Foremost amongst professional "thought readers" have been Mr. Irving Bishop, whose controversy with Mr. Labouchere has excited so much attention, and Mr. Stuart Cumberland, who last week succeeded in divining a series of numbers thought of by Mr. Gladstone. Our sketches were taken at a *séance* given by Mr. Irving Bishop at the Westminster Palace Hotel on Wednesday week, when he announced his intention of performing the task set him by Mr. Labouchere, of reading the number of a banknote through the mediumship of some well-known member of Parliament or public man. About 150 persons were present, and a committee was formed of the Hon. E. Stanhope, M.P. (Chairman), the Hon. Algernon Bourke, Canon Wilberforce, Mr. H. Herman, Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P., Dr. Cameron, M.P., Mr. Clement Scott, Mr. McLagan, M.P., Mr. Millais, R.A., Lord Mayo, and Mr. Cross.

Our artist writes:—"Members of Parliament, Canons of the Church, celebrities in Art and Literature met in a hotel to play Blindman's Buff and Hide and Seek!"

"They are led by a young gentleman, slight in appearance. The thought-reader—so called. Most ingeniously before he blindfolds himself he begs us all to detect him in fraud if possible. No need to beg indeed, for the audience is for the most part sceptical.

"Game No. 1.—The object of research is the common household pin. It is to be hidden by some one above suspicion; Mr. Bishop is to be out of the room; then Mr. Bishop re-enters when it is hidden, Mr. McLagan, M.P., will hold his hand within a few inches of Bishop's (not in immediate contact, observe), and by subtle emanations from the member's palm, the seer shall know when he is 'hot,' when 'cold,' when 'boiling,' &c. He pounces on my Lord Mount Temple; and then passes his hand over his lordship, from head to foot, from top to toe.

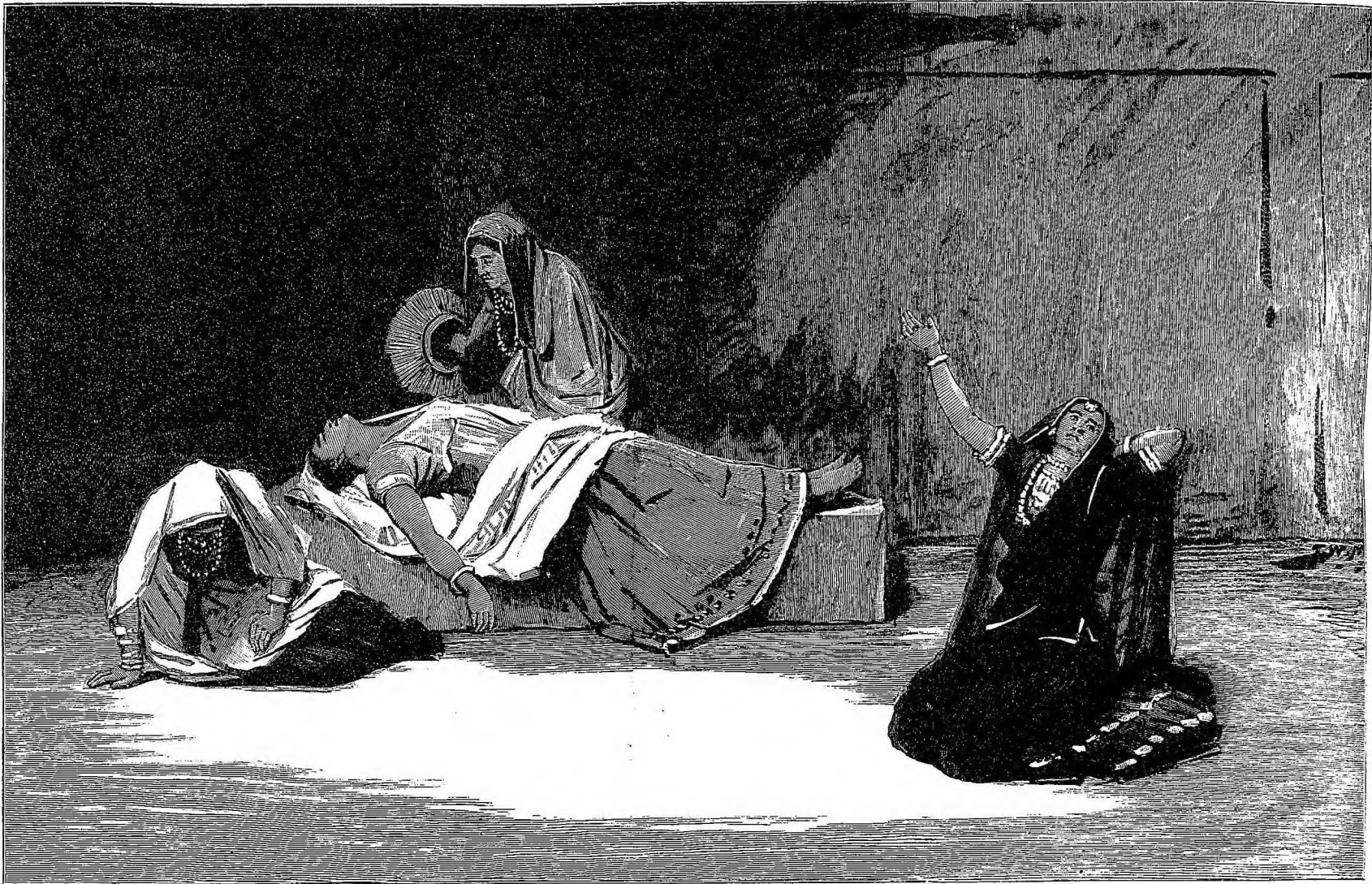
"He finds it."

"Game II.—Immediate contact not necessary. Pin hidden again. Bishop out of the room. He re-enters, takes Mr. Clement Scott by the hand or wrist, Mr. Millais placing his hand on Mr. Scott's arm, the pin having been hidden on Sir Harry Holland, standing under the looking-glass. Away go the three, full cry, bang through the crowd, straight for the window. However, they pull up at a very benevolent-looking clergyman, search him thoroughly, make him take off his coat, and then it is that in him Mr. Bishop discovers for Mr. Millais a friend not seen for years—but not the pin.

"Mr. Millais evidently does not make a good medium.  
"It would be interesting to know what kind of a hand is that of a good subject? Has it an itching palm? Can it light the gas with its knuckles? Never in its youth was its palm made horny by the frequent cross-hatching of a cane perchance. Even with a sympathetic subject, pin-hunting is exhausting, especially after failure. Then Mr. Bishop tears the bandage from his eyes, commands 'water and air' of the waiters, or sinks with a sepulchral sigh into a chair. He declares that his 'powers of contemplation are absolutely nil,' so cruelly sceptical are some of his audience, so bent on discomfiting him. But he has faithful disciples among them, too, who howl down an 'unbelieving Thomas' fiercely enough. To restore 'harmony' between himself and the audience Mr. Bishop begs to be allowed to take a little run and find a pin on Lord Beaconsfield's or Richard Cœur de Lion's statue before he proceeds to the final ordeal of the banknote.

"But we won't let him out of our sight. Mr. Justin McCarthy has a note; it is sealed, and Sir Henry Holland and Dr. Cameron, I think, are to be the subjects. The attempt to read its number fails. Thereupon much gasping ensues on the part of the seer, and





THE DEATH OF THE MOTHER

O could some *women* learnèd be To heal a woman's pain,  
And link a mighty sympathy Unto a cultured brain !

Men-doctors may not enter here, Nor women's sufferings view,—  
And thou hast perished, mother dear ! Because we *nothing* knew.



THE DEATH OF SATYAVÂN

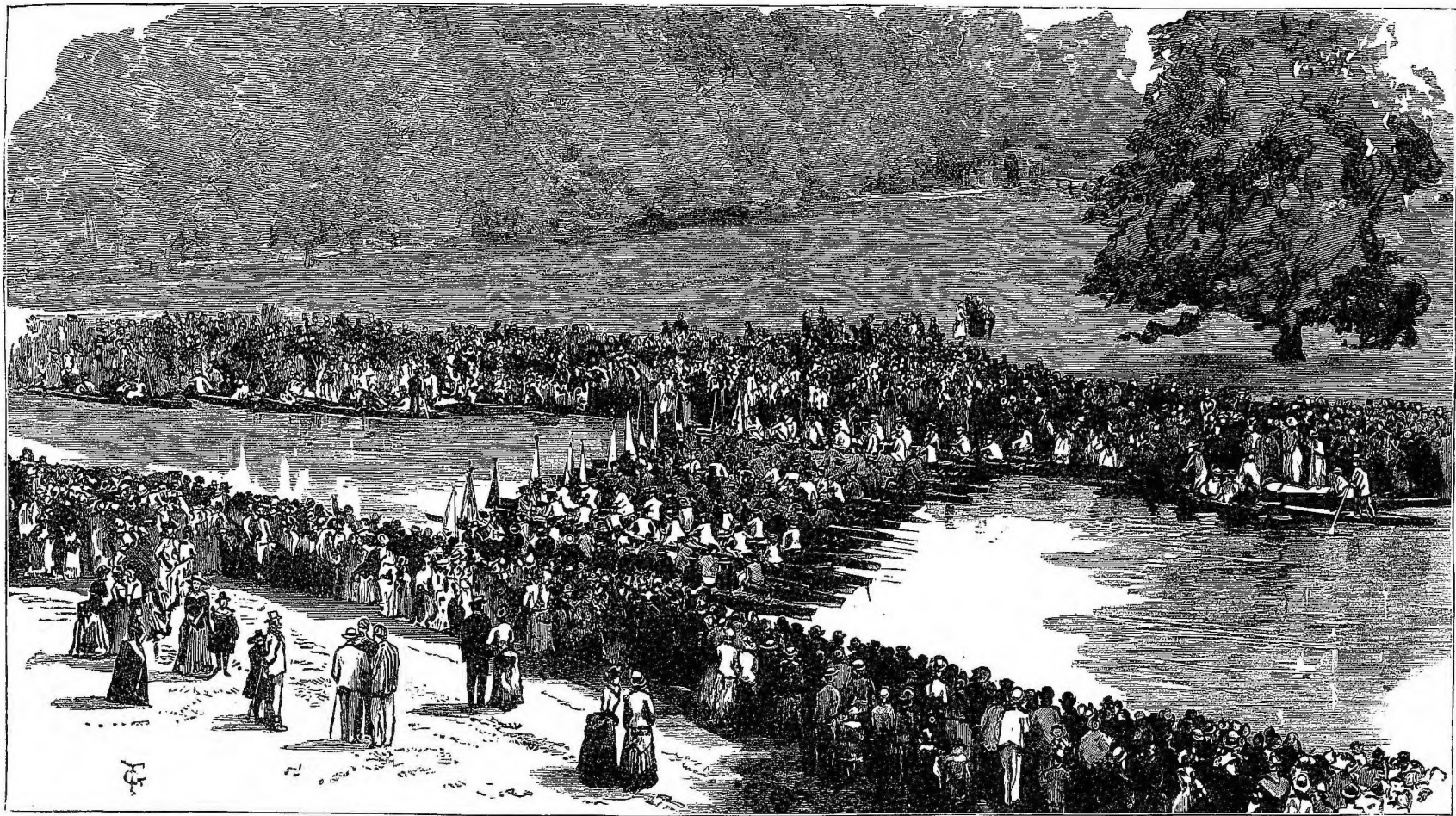
He comes, he comes, that form tremendous ! He riseth, dark and dire,—  
His body godlike and stupendous, His garments red like fire ;

Yet nearer, nearer, is he pressing,— He stands their path before,—  
Great Yama, who for man's transgressing Hath arrows sharp and sore.

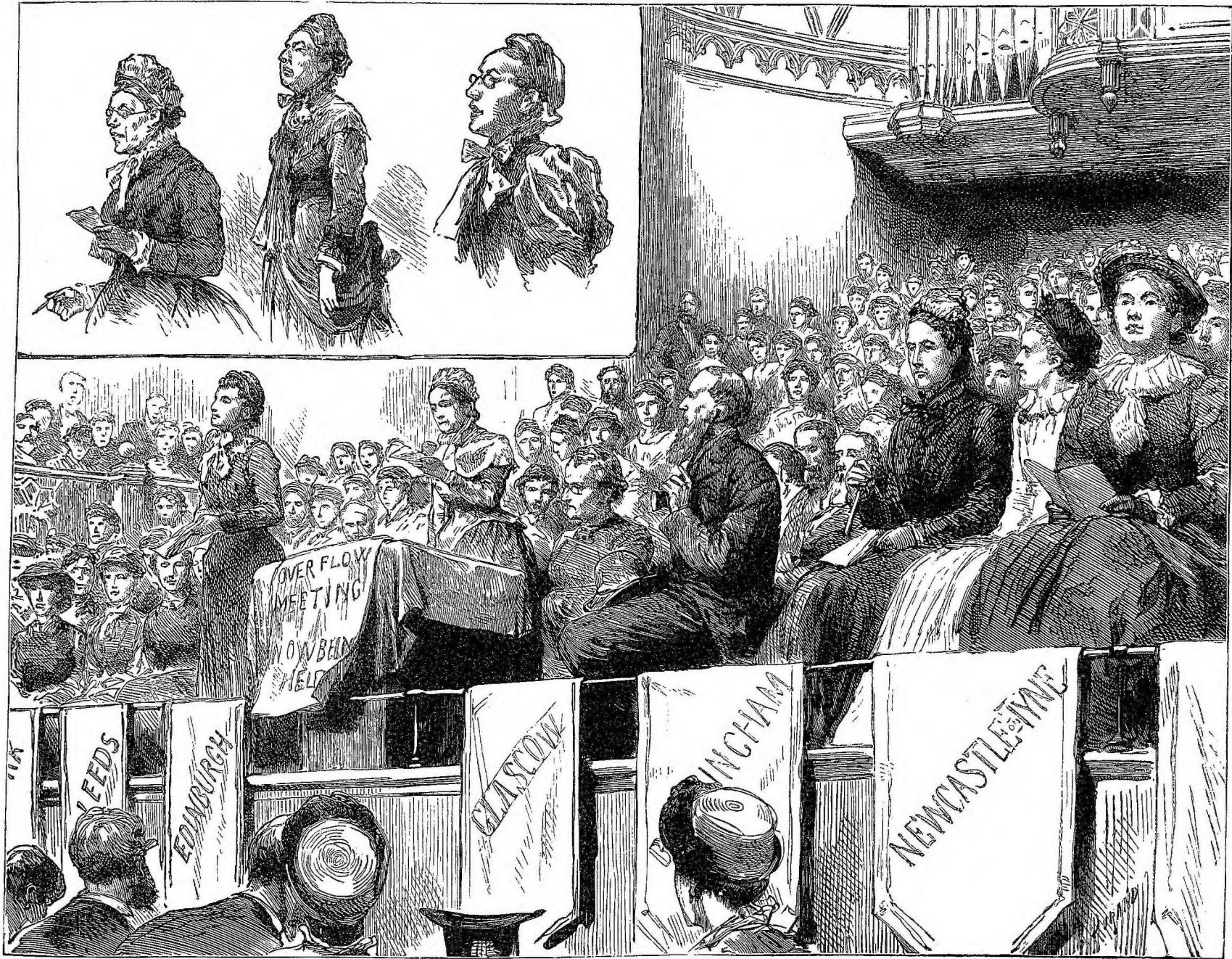
INDIAN TABLEAUX AT THE PRINCE'S HALL, PICCADILLY, IN AID OF MEDICAL MISSIONS TO THE  
WOMEN OF INDIA

THE TABLEAUX ILLUSTRATED THE LIFE OF AN INDIAN WOMAN, WITH SCENES FROM THE STORY OF SAVITRI, AS RELATED IN THE VEDAS





THE PROCESSION OF BOATS AT CAMBRIDGE



CHARACTER SKETCHES AT THE WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE MEETING AT ST. JAMES S HALL



he declares he must have the choice of his own subjects. This is in accordance with Mr. Labouchere's conditions. So he chooses Mr. McLagan again, and the chairman of his committee, Mr. Edward Stanhope, M.P.

"He takes Mr. McLagan first behind his black board, placed at the head of the room, on an easel with its back to the audience.

"We see very little—now and then a hand with the chalk in it, then a hand pressing spasmodically the subject's hand to the racked brow of the seer—now and again a heartbreaking gasp, *procul, procul este*. The answer arrived at was 33,425, about right, as it turned out afterwards.

"Then Mr. Stanhope is manipulated in the same way, and being lighter than Mr. McLagan, is swayed like a pendulum. A man is said sometimes to 'have a thing at his finger ends,' truly enough it seems; for Mr. Stanhope's thought we read through his knuckles. 33,245 then was the number, and then Mr. McLagan said that in justice to Mr. Bishop he ought to state that by mistake he had thought of the number as Mr. Bishop had written it."

#### INDIAN TABLEAUX AT THE PRINCE'S HALL

THESE *tableaux vivants* were shown at the Prince's Hall in aid of Medical Missions to the Women of India. They were arranged by Mr. Val Prinsep, A.R.A., and were designed to illustrate the life of an Indian woman, with scenes from the story of Savitri, as related in the Vedas. Of late years great efforts have been made to better the condition of Indian women, and various missions have been formed for this purpose, and have achieved much in a short time. Owing to the stringent custom of feminine seclusion, the mission labours have chiefly to be carried on by women, and great efforts are now being made to provide lady doctors for the Zenanas, whither no medical man is ever allowed to penetrate, and thousands of lives are accordingly sacrificed uselessly. To those interested in the subject we should recommend the perusal of *Indian Jewels*, a magazine published by James Nisbet and Co., for the Helping Hands Zenana Association. This association has been formed as an auxiliary to the Indian Female Normal School and Instruction Association (the Zenana Bible and Medical Mission), and contributions for the good work will be received by Miss Benyon, 25, Ashburn Place, S.W. To what bitter vicissitudes an Indian woman is exposed is touchingly told in the poem by Mrs. Haycraft, "The Indian Woman's Story," which was so powerfully illustrated by Mr. Prinsep's *tableaux*. First we see the widow bemoaning her fate, and then, going back to her past life, she relates the various incidents of her girlhood, all of which were strikingly depicted, and thus tells the story of Savitri—

The pure and peerless,  
Who redeemed her husband's life,

as read to her by her old nurse from the Vedas. Savitri, the daughter of a Madras Rajah, was told to choose her husband, and selected Satyavân, the son of a deposed king. She was told that he must die in a twelvemonth, but none the less persisted in marrying him. When, however, the fatal hour was come, and dread Yama appeared to claim her husband, she so charmed the God of Terror by her pleading that he gave Satyavân back to her, and restored the deposed king to his throne.

Rise up, rise up, thou love immortal,  
Though Yama mighty be,  
He shall not shut Death's cruel portal  
Between thy love and thee.

Our illustration represents the supposed death of Satyavân. As a contrast to this romantic history, the widow continues, she herself was not permitted to choose her husband, but had to marry one selected by her parents, and then tells touchingly of her mother's death, concluding with a bitter wail for skilled medical assistance. Returning to her husband, she receives little sympathy, and finally, through having borne a girl, and not the wished-for son and heir, she is supplanted by a new wife. In despair, she sacrifices her child to the Ganges to regain her husband's love. Too late, however, she returns to find him dying, and is even denied the privilege of suttee in favour of her rival, thus being compelled to live on an object of contempt. The tableaux were admirably portrayed, and were in every respect perfectly successful.

#### THE PROCESSION OF BOATS AT CAMBRIDGE

THE May Races this year at Cambridge were somewhat marred by bad weather. The Jesus men held their position as head of the river, but if we are to believe a competent critic, although the times over the course are better than of late years, the style was inferior, there being more strength than science displayed. The races closed on the 10th inst., and next evening took place the usual procession of boats to the "backs" of the Colleges. This is one of the prettiest sights imaginable, and always attracts a large crowd on the banks and bridges. Our illustration represents a bird's-eye view of the boats at the back of King's College, and is from a photograph taken by Messrs. Stearn, of Cambridge, from the roof of Clare College.

#### THE WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE MEETING

THIS meeting, which had been called in support of the extension of the franchise to women householders and ratepayers, was held in St. James's Hall, on the 17th inst. It was presided over by Mrs. Garrett Anderson, M.D., and amongst those on the platform who are shown in our engraving were well-known advocates of the admission of women to the franchise, such as Miss Lydia Becker, Miss Edith Simcox, Miss Eliza Orme, Mrs. Oliver Scatcherd, Mrs. Ashton Dilke, Lady Goldsmid, and Mr. J. P. Thomasson, M.P. In her opening speech Mrs. Anderson declared that she did not feel disheartened at the recent vote in the House of Commons. "She, and those who had worked with her in this cause, looked forward in a few years to be victorious. What were the tactics they should follow? What were the weapons that should be used? Well, there were a good many weapons which she hoped would not be used. If, for instance, any one came there hoping and expecting to hear an outburst of feminine wrath, she hoped that they would go away disappointed." Nor, indeed, were her expectations falsified, as the speeches were moderate in tone, and the meeting orderly throughout. The main resolution was moved by Miss Becker, and ran as follows:—"That in the opinion of this meeting the Franchise Bill if passed without including duly qualified women will be incomplete and unsatisfactory, and that the question of Parliamentary reform will never be settled until the claims of such women receive legislative recognition." In her speech she dwelt most hopefully upon the future, and said that though this year their claims had been rejected as part of the Franchise Bill the Bill would not come into operation till 1886, and they had before them the Session of 1885, when their friends would have the opportunity of bringing forward a Supplementary Franchise Bill. Mrs. Oliver Scatcherd hoped that women would refuse to pay taxes until they could get the vote—a course of action, by the way, which Miss Muller, who spoke later, announced she had adopted, while Mrs. Eva M'Laren quaintly urged that those who had taken up the cause would go on agitating till Parliament would say, like the unjust judge in the parable, "Though we fear not God nor regard man, yet because this widow troubleth us we will do her justice, lest by her constantly coming she weary us." After numerous speeches from other ladies the various resolutions were put to the vote, and enthusiastically carried, and a vote of thanks to Mrs. Garrett Anderson closed the proceedings.

#### A WEDDING AT ADOWA

THIS is a sketch in the streets of Adowa by Mr. Frederick Villiers, our special artist with Admiral Hewett when on his recent mission to King John of Abyssinia. The town is a collection of eight or nine hundred habitations—mere huts, as may be seen in the illustration, and is too subject to the raids of hostile tribes to present the flourishing appearance which the capital of a large kingdom should. As with all semi-barbarous nations—for, though nominally Christian, the Abyssinians can be called little else—the weddings are celebrated with a curious jumble of religious rites and social ceremonies, apparently borrowed from Christian, Mahomedan, Jewish, and the Aboriginal traditions. There is a civil ceremony at the house of the bride's father, where oaths of fidelity are exchanged, and subsequently a religious service. After the former, however, the bridegroom, probably in imitation of the custom of his forefathers to capture their wives by force, takes his bride in his arms and carries her either to his house or round her own. The crowd of invited guests follow him, and aid him in holding the orthodox nuptial canopy over her. There is, of course, unlimited feasting, and an enormous quantity of spirituous liquors is consumed, of which the priest—who in Abyssinia is a veritable "jovial friar"—takes his full share. To return to the Mission: during the first part of their stay the Admiral and his suite were treated with the utmost rudeness; and, writing of the very incident we depict, the *Daily News* correspondent states:—"The other day we witnessed a wedding, and we had followed the marriage party some distance, having resolved to present the husband with a gift of dollars. He received them with much pleasure; but, when thanking us, a mounted soldier rode up, snatched them from his hand, and threw them at the head of our interpreter. This was one of the many insults we received from the troops of the Governor."

#### THE LATE PRINCE OF ORANGE

WILLIAM ALEXANDER CHARLES HENRY FREDERICK, Prince of Orange and Heir Apparent to the Throne of the Netherlands, who died on the 21st inst., was born on August 25th, 1851. He was the second son of King William, his brother having died in Paris in 1879. His mother, who was Princess Sophia of Wurtemberg, died in 1877, and the Prince, who was most devotedly attached to her, is stated never to have fully recovered the sense of her loss. He was a man of exceedingly studious mind, and of the habits of a recluse, rarely going into public, and living entirely amongst a few chosen friends, his books, and his birds, to which he was exceedingly attached. He was occasionally wont, however, to attend Masonic meetings, and in 1877 presided over the Conference held at the Hague to celebrate the bi-centenary of Spinoza's death. He then delivered a very able address, which drew from M. Ernest Renan the complimentary remark that the Prince was a "man of refined judgment and a philosopher." The Prince was unmarried, and is said to have been as great a woman-hater as the King of Bavaria. Always of delicate health, he was attacked with typhoid fever some weeks since, but was generally considered to be recovering. Early on Saturday morning, however, the Prince appeared very weak, symptoms of paralysis of the heart set in, and shortly afterwards he expired peacefully and without pain. The Prince lived in a modest but historic house, the Hotel Kneuterdyk, once the home of Jean de Witt, and ten years since the residence of the historian Motley.—Our portrait is from a photograph by De Lavieter and Co., 2A, Willemstraat, The Hague.

#### PRIVATE THOMAS EDWARDS, V.C.

OWING to Private Edwards being at Cairo, we were unable to include his portrait with those of the other recipients of the Victoria Cross in the recent Soudan campaign. Private Thomas Edwards, of the 1st Battalion Royal Highlanders, has been awarded this high distinction for the conspicuous bravery he displayed in the defence of one of the guns of the Naval Brigade at the Battle of Tamasi on March 13 last. He was attached to the Naval Brigade as a mule-driver, and was beside the gun with Lieutenant Almack, R.N., and a Blue Jacket. Both the latter were killed; and Edwards, after bayonetting two Arabs, and himself receiving a wound with a spear, rejoined the ranks with his mules, and subsequently did good service in remaining by his gun throughout the action.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Strommeyer and Heymann, Cairo.

#### MAJOR CHAMLEY TURNER

THIS officer, who was accidentally drowned last month at Keneh while bathing in the Nile, was the son of the late Charles Colville Turner, Esq., of Hill Garden House, Bideford, Devon, and of the daughter of the late Matthew Chamley, Esq., of Warcop House, Westmoreland. Mr. Turner, who was only in the 29th year of his age at the time of his death, joined the 1st Battalion of Shropshire Light Infantry (53rd Regiment), in 1865. He volunteered for service in the Transvaal, and afterwards served with his regiment in the Egyptian campaign. For his services he was selected as one of the officers of the new Egyptian army under General Sir Evelyn Wood, and served under Sir G. Graham in the Soudan, during which he commanded the Camel Corps. Writing of him, the *Times* correspondent says:—"Major Turner distinguished himself by his unselfish devotion to the native soldiers during the cholera epidemic, personally tending them, and acquiring their peculiar devotion. He was selected to command the Camel Corps, and rendered great service during the Suakin expedition. He was sent recently to purchase camels in order to increase his corps. While bathing in the river at Keneh he suddenly disappeared, only a native watchman being present."—Our portrait is from a photograph by Window and Grove, 63A, Baker Street, Portman Square.

#### THE "MEDIÆVAL MARKET" AT KNIGHTSBRIDGE

ON Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday of last week the Duke of Wellington's Riding School at Knightsbridge was converted for the nonce into an imitation Mediæval Market. Prettily painted scenery by Mr. Bernasconi concealed the bare walls, an old abbey looked down from the end of the room, and a solidly-constructed bridge and market-cross gave reality to the scene. Here for three days was held a busy market in aid of the funds for enlarging the Training College for Teachers of the Deaf at Ealing. Children who are deaf are often dumb also; and it is the aim of the Society for Training Teachers of the Deaf to send out a number of teachers who, by means of the "German" system, can remove the curse of dumbness, and can put education and companionship within the reach of every deaf child. "The deaf must remain deaf; but they need not, and ought not to, be dumb also; for dumbness may be prevented by teaching spoken language." Interesting exhibitions were given on certain days of the Market by children who had been taught on this system; and some of them, with whom communication by ordinary speech was perfectly easy, actively assisted in the work of the Market. For the rest the "Mediæval Market" was much like the other fashionable charity shows to which London has lately become well accustomed, and of which, it must be confessed, it has now had enough. The buying and selling was conducted more decorously than has often been the custom on such occasions as these, and the doings were enlivened by processions of pretty children dressed in the costumes of Canterbury Pilgrims. Our artist has shown this procession passing under the bridge and past the flower-stall. From the bridge the Misses Webbing did an active business in "fishing" in a certain "pond," whence presents were extracted

for those who paid the preliminary shilling. The owls shown in the small illustration in the corner were perambulating advertisements in the street. They alternated with ordinary sandwich-men.

#### EARL SPENCER IN BELFAST

EARL SPENCER received a warm welcome last week in Belfast, where he unveiled a portrait of Her Majesty in the Town Hall, laid the foundation of a new Free Library, and visited some of the leading factories. Throughout the whole of this visit no untoward incident occurred, and no disloyal manifestation was exhibited, save by a few ragamuffins, who, the *Northern Whig* tells us, "booed" everything and everybody alike." The Viceroy stayed at Ormiston, Strandtown, the residence of Mr. E. J. Harland, J.P., and on Wednesday, June 18th, he came into Belfast, which was bountifully decorated in his honour. Driving up to the Town Hall, the Earl and Countess were received with much ceremony by the Mayor and Councillors, and an address was presented to him, in which, after the usual congratulations, mention was made of the continued prosperity of the town. In reply, the Viceroy expressed his pleasure at the prosperous "energy and enterprise" of Belfast, and then unveiled the portrait of Her Majesty, which has been painted by Sir Thomas Jones. The Earl and Countess then drove to the site of the new Free Library in the Royal Avenue, when further speeches were made, and the foundation-stone laid with all due ceremony. The building is to be built after the designs of Mr. W. H. Lynn, of Belfast, and will contain a spacious library, general reading room, and a separate reading room, in which newspapers and periodicals will be supplied. There will also be a lending library, a ladies' reading room, a "select" library, and a lecture hall, together with various large rooms which may be utilised as art galleries. The Viceregal party next paid a visit to the establishment of Messrs. Richardson, Sons, and Owsen, where they were received by the directors of the company, and conducted through the various departments, such as the damask and handkerchief room, the stock room, and sale room—the last-named being most artistically arranged, so as to afford an idea of the various classes of goods manufactured by the firm. The next visit was made to the works of Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co., Dublin Road, where the party were conducted through the lithographic, letterpress, bookbinding, and Christmas card departments, in each of which the nature of the work in progress was explained. An address was subsequently presented to the Viceroy from the Belfast Technical School, and the proceedings of the day closed with a grand banquet given by the Mayor to his Viceregal visitors.

#### "DOROTHY FORSTER"

A NEW STORY, by Walter Besant, illustrated by Charles Green is continued on page 629.

#### A HOLIDAY ON THE NORFOLK BROADS

See page 631.

#### SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE

See page 619.

NOTE.—The drawings of the "Society War Game," published in *The Graphic* of last week, were from sketches by Miss Emily Lees, Summerville, Westport, Co. Mayo, Ireland.



FRIDAY LAST WEEK was the forty-eighth anniversary of Her Majesty's accession.

ON WEDNESDAY THE PRINCE OF WALES formally opened the new Central Institution Buildings, erected in Exhibition Road, South Kensington, by the City and Guilds of London Institute for the Advancement of Technical Education, of which His Royal Highness is the President. An address from the Lord Chancellor, sketching the history and objects of the Institute, was followed by a speech from His Royal Highness, who, after a touching allusion to the death and character of the Duke of Albany, expressed his gratification that the City and Livery Companies had so generously responded to his letter of a few months ago on the claims of the Institute to their support. Pointing out the causes which make the teaching of applied science necessary in this country for those engaged in industrial pursuits, the Prince referred to what had been done by the State to provide it, and indicated as one of the chief benefits of the new Institute that it would be a training college for technical teachers, the demand for whom exceeded the supply. His Royal Highness recommended a further establishment of scholarships connecting the elementary schools of the country with the Institute, since hitherto all schools had led up to the University, and literary training had been encouraged to the disadvantage of scientific instruction.

LORD SALISBURY having re-asserted at Devonport that on Mr. Gladstone's own admission the Irish Church had been disestablished in consequence of the Fenian murder of a policeman at Manchester and the explosion at Clerkenwell Prison, the Premier, in reply to a correspondent, denied that any language of his could be properly thus constructed. Lord Salisbury rejoined, through his secretary, by quoting in corroboration of his assertion the well-known passage in Mr. Gladstone's speech at Dalkeith on the 26th of November, 1869. As a last word in the controversy the Premier "Confines himself to saying that the Deplorable events at Manchester and Clerkenwell, by awaking intense interest and attention, had to do with the choice of time for bringing forward the question of the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, and with nothing else."

ADDRESSING A LARGELY-ATTENDED LIBERAL MEETING at Wellingborough, Mr. Herbert Gladstone said that the relation of the House of Peers to the Franchise Bill reminded him of a man who had to take some very nasty physic. He did not like it, and therefore did not want it; but every one told him it was very good for him, and sooner or later, if he wished to save his life, he must take it.

SPEAKING ON WEDNESDAY at Brentford, Mr. H. Gladstone said that the rejection of the Franchise Bill by the Upper House was now certain. If it took place the Government ought not to dissolve, but have an Autumn Session, and sending the Bill up again to the Peers, see whether they would swallow it on the second occasion.

ON SATURDAY THE LORD MAYOR entertained at dinner in the Mansion House the ex-Speaker of the House of Commons, Viscount Hampden, to meet whom a very numerous party of members of Parliament and others, including the new Speaker, responded to his invitation. The speeches were noticeable chiefly for brevity. Replying for the House of Peers, Lord Sherbrooke referred jocularly to the demonstration of the goodness and greatness of that assembly given by its proceedings the evening before, on the occasion of Lord Rosebery's motion, when, after a most excellent debate, they decided that no possible thing could be done to improve it.

THE CONTEST FOR THE VACANCY in the representation of Mid-Surrey terminated in the return of the Conservative candidate, Sir J. Whittaker Ellis, a former Lord Mayor of London, by a



majority of 2,705 over his Liberal opponent, Mr. Stern, who was one of the two unsuccessful Liberal candidates at the general election of 1880. On that occasion Mr. Stern polled 4,949 votes, being 821 more than he received last week. In 1880 Sir H. W. Peel, now the retiring Conservative member, polled 8,475 votes, and the sitting Conservative member, Sir J. J. T. Lawrence, 8,303, being in the former case 830, and in the latter 556, more than the 7,645 votes recorded last week for Sir J. W. Ellis.

BY A MAJORITY OF 1,437 over Mr. Deverell, his Liberal opponent, the Conservative candidate, General Fitzwygram, has been elected to fill the vacancy in the representation of South Hants, vacant through the retirement of Lord Henry Scott, Conservative.—Mr. J. D. Lewis, originally the first Liberal candidate-designate for South Hants, who, on the plea of delicate health, waived his claim in favour of Mr. Deverell, has now intimated that his main reason for not coming forward was his "total inability to support the foreign, and especially the Egyptian, policy of the Government," which he believes to be "fraught with peril to the Empire."

THE ROYAL COMMISSION OF INQUIRY into the Livery Companies of London, of which Lord Derby is Chairman, has presented to Her Majesty a report agreed to by a majority of their members, one of a different tenor being signed by Sir Richard Cross, Sir Nathaniel de Rothschild, and Mr. Alderman Cotton. The most important of the recommendations contained in the report of the majority is the appointment by Act of Parliament of a Commission which should regulate the further application of portions of the corporate incomes of the Companies to such objects of public utility as the advancement of education, the promotion or establishment of hospitals, museums, public libraries and public baths, the improvement of workmen's dwellings, &c.

THE PETITION TO HER MAJESTY IN COUNCIL (referred to in this column last week) for the grant of a Charter of Incorporation to Westminster has already received the signature of several thousands of influential inhabitants, including many members of both Houses of Parliament. The petitioners express their desire to retain their ancient independence in the City of Westminster, and, with an obvious allusion to the London Government Bill, not to be absorbed into any other body.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT gave a genial reception to an influential deputation, which included Lord Rosebery and a number of Scotch M.P.'s, asking for an annual grant of less than 1,500*l.*, and the use of a gunboat to promote investigation into the production and habits of sea-fish on the Scottish coasts. The chief difficulty in these cases, the Home Secretary said, was with the Treasury, but he himself would support their proposal with all the influence which he could command. In fact, he did not see why the British Navy should not regularly have a *Challenger* engaged near our coasts to promote objects similar to those advocated by the Deputation.

LORD ROSEBERY presided at the anniversary festival dinner of the Cab Drivers' Benevolent Association, and in the course of both an amusing and interesting speech said that he had heard of men who were at Eton with him earning their living by cab driving; and that nothing in the whole of his life had struck him more than the improvement in every way of the London cab. The famous remark that the Hansom cab is the gondola of London had been made to him in conversation by Lord Beaconsfield some years before its appearance in "Lothair."

THE OBITUARY OF THE WEEK includes the death of Lady Charles Russell, who married in 1834 Lord Charles Russell (uncle of the present Duke of Bedford), sometime Serjeant-at-Arms to the House of Commons, in her seventy-fourth year; of Dr. Thomas Bishop, brother-in-law of Sir Stafford Northcote, an old and valued member of the English colony at Paris, and zealous promoter of its charitable enterprises; of General George Warren, a distinguished Anglo-Indian officer, who, severely wounded at the siege of Bhurtpore in 1826, and at that of Ghuznee in 1839, was nominated to the command of the Bengal Brigade in the Burmese War of 1852, in his eighty-fourth year; of the Rev. James Baldwin Brown, suddenly, in his sixty-fifth year. The son of a barrister, Mr. Baldwin Brown was to have been called to the Bar, when he decided on becoming a Congregational Minister. For a quarter of a century he was the pastor of a congregation in the Clapham Road, afterwards removing to a chapel built for him at Brixton, where he enjoyed a wide popularity as an eloquent preacher. He was regarded as a champion of freedom of thought in his communion, and besides contributing to periodical literature, was the author of several successful works, chiefly devotional, the latest of which is "The Home in its Relation to Man and to Society." For more than a twelvemonth he had been forced to abstain from active work, but was regaining strength, and was about to start for a sojourn in the Engadine at the time of his sudden death on Monday, at Coombe, in Surrey.

### SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE entered the House of Commons in March, 1855, being returned as the Conservative member for Dudley. He was then in his thirty-seventh year, an age somewhat advanced for one destined to take a high position in the House to begin his apprenticeship. But Sir Stafford Northcote has never been in a violent hurry to advance through the stages of his career. He was twenty-nine before he was called to the Bar. He was thirty-three before he succeeded to the Baronetcy; forty-one before he first took Ministerial office as Financial Secretary to the Treasury; forty-eight before he became President of the Board of Trade; and fifty-six before he was Chancellor of the Exchequer.

His earliest introduction to official life happened forty years ago, when Mr. Gladstone was President of the Board of Trade and Sir (then Mr.) S. Northcote was his private secretary. Traces of this early intimacy are still to be observed in the relations of the Prime Minister and the Leader of the Conservative Opposition. Even in the bitterest heat of party conflict Sir Stafford Northcote alludes to the Premier as "my right honourable friend," and it is a mark of Mr. Gladstone's profoundest wrath when, occasionally departing from his accustomed habit, he stigmatises Sir Stafford as "the right hon. gentleman." Sir Stafford Northcote, though making his appearance in the House of Commons as member for Dudley, always turned with fond affection to the county where his family have been known and respected for three centuries. The first baronet sat as a member for Devonshire in the Parliament which declared war against King Charles. The fifth baronet sat as member for Exeter, the city now represented by Sir Stafford's second son. In 1857 Sir Stafford stood for North Devon, but was defeated. In the following year he took refuge at Stamford. But Stamford was no abiding city for him. In 1860 he again contested North Devon, and this time was returned for a seat he has since uninterruptedly held.

Shortly after being elected for Stamford he was appointed Financial Secretary to the Treasury, but his experience of this most useful office for budding statesmen was brief. Appointed in January, 1859, the Derby Administration was on the 10th of June in the same year turned out on a Vote of Confidence, and Sir Stafford Northcote was out of office for some years. In 1866 he was appointed President of the Board of Trade in the late Lord Derby's third Administration, and was Secretary of State for India from March, 1867, till December, 1868, when once more the Ministry of which he was a member was shattered. Then followed the long and memorable first reign of Mr. Gladstone as Premier. When in 1874 a General Election brought the Conservatives once more to the front Sir Stafford Northcote was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer in the

Government of Mr. Disraeli, and when that statesman left the House of Commons he nominated Sir Stafford Northcote as his successor in the leadership of the Party.

It is no secret that Sir Stafford has not found this post when in Opposition a bed of roses. Some of the more active spirits of his party protest against his lack of enterprise, on which if this were a political article something might be said. But it is just this gentleness of disposition, inflexible uprightness of character, and chivalrous bearing in the lists of party conflict—which endear Sir Stafford Northcote alike to friends and political adversaries—that are responsible for his not coming up to the standard laid down for him by some younger spirits. The fact is Sir Stafford Northcote is much too good for House of Commons daily food. He has been brought up in an older school of Parliamentary manners, and to this day preserves them intact. The prospect of acquiring office next week would not make him swerve by a hair's breadth from the path of honourable warfare. He has fallen upon evil Parliamentary times, and in the nightly *débâcle* is often content to stand aside, which is called by some of his unfriendly critics "abrogating the Leadership."

Since he left Oxford forty-two years ago, taking a first class in classics and a third in mathematics, he has lived a life of constant work. Like his earliest master, the bent of his genius has been in the direction of figures, and probably if he had his choice he would be content to be Chancellor of the Exchequer, and let others lead a turbulent House. As a speaker he is clear and forcible, his manner of speech being in accordance with his character, plain and straightforward. He never attempted to lift his Budget expositions into the rank of high oratory. If the House could understand his scheme, and, above all, would approve it, that was sufficient for him. He is one of the few men in the present House who can without perturbation graft upon his speech a classical quotation. He has, moreover, a quiet humour which most frequently, like Abraham Lincoln's, takes the form of "a little anecdote."

It is a bold assertion, but it is made with confidence, that if the House were polled Sir Stafford would be found to be the most popular man in it. There is on both sides, not less on the Liberal than on the Conservative, a strong personal esteem for him, the most critical assembly in the world recognising in him what we are complacently accustomed to speak of as the type of a perfect English gentleman.

HENRY W. LUCY



MR. ALBERY'S *Featherbrain* at the CRITERION labours under the serious disadvantage of not furnishing a part for Mr. Charles Wyndham, whose name seems to be an indispensable item in the bill of this popular house. Partly for this reason, and partly from a certain want of briskness in the action and dialogue, the wild proceedings of its numerous personages do not furnish the entertainment which might have been expected when the talents of a dramatist experienced in this line are brought to bear upon the adaptation of so successful a comedy as MM. Barrière and Gondinet's *Tête de Linotte*. Yet M. Marius's irascibly amorous Portuguese nobleman is a decidedly amusing personage, and Miss Janssen's impersonation of the heroine, if lacking something of the giddy irresponsibility which her character and actions suggest, was not less droll. Mr. Giddens, Mr. Blakeley, Mr. Mackintosh, and Miss Rose Saker take part in the performance, which will probably acquire after a few representations more of that abandonment and sustained vivacity which are essential to the success of pieces of this farcical kind.

No doubt the newly revived fashion of parodying at one house the production of another must in part be held responsible for a new travestie, the joint work, according to the playbill, of "J. M. Banero and A. D. Pincroft," which was brought out at the AVENUE Theatre on Tuesday evening under the title of *The Ar-Rivais; or, a Trip to Margate*. Sheridan's comedy, however, is not a promising subject for the burlesque writer's purpose; and the parodyist has in this case missed what opportunities the somewhat superabundant scenic illustration and display of historical accessories in the Haymarket performance might have suggested to the comic genius of Mr. Burnand or the late Mr. Byron. Some humour may possibly lurk in the notion of giving to a miscellaneous crowd of holiday-makers on Margate sands such names as "Arry Acres," "The O'Fwigger," "Bankland," and "Sir Antony Obsolete," but if so it proved decidedly too subtle for the audience. It would be too much, perhaps, to say that the writers have exhibited absolutely no invention, since they have hit upon the ingenious notion of associating the idea of Bath with their travestie by introducing a Bath-chair, in which an actor, who mimics Mr. Bancroft, to the extent at least of wearing an eye-glass and occasionally hesitating in his delivery, is wheeled about the sands by the tender Julia. This great effort of humour, however, is not sufficient to redeem all defects. Unfortunately neither the author nor the performers appear to be aware that scenes which are already abundantly humorous cannot be made more diverting by merely paraphrasing them in a vein of puerile absurdity. More legitimate entertainment was furnished by Mr. Mortimer's adaptation of *La Poudre aux Yeux*, under the title of *Gannon*. Had this play sustained the promise of its first act it would have fairly compensated, by its genuine humour and excellent acting, for the shortcomings of the afterpiece. As it was, however, *Gannon* amused the spectators, and its favourable reception was well deserved.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt will play Lady Macbeth at the Gaiety in the curiously tight-fitting costume which she wore in this character at the Porte St. Martin. The version of the play will be M. Richepin's prose translation, which is in eight scenes, of which the most important are the Witches' Heath, the exterior of Macbeth's Castle, the Castle Court, the Banqueting Chamber, the Witches' Cave, and the Plain before the Castle, where the final encounter between Macbeth and Macduff takes place. On the French stage it is preferred to introduce the ghost of Banquo by means of a circular trap behind the table, through which the spectre rises and disappears, and this arrangement will be adhered to. M. Marais, whose fine performance of Vladimir, in *Les Danicheff*, is well remembered in London, will play the part of Macbeth.

The production of *Twelfth Night* at the LYCEUM will be a trifle later than was originally expected. The date finally arranged is Tuesday week, July 8th.

A new domestic and "sensational" drama from the pen of Mr. George Lander has, we learn, been accepted by Messrs. Holt and Wilmot, of the GRAND Theatre, Islington.

Miss Rose Moncrieff, having terminated her engagement at the COMEDY Theatre, is, we understand, engaged at the ALHAMBRA, for *Black Eye'd Susan*.

On Monday *The Unknown* was produced with considerable success at the GRAND Theatre, Islington; and on Tuesday Mrs. Rudolf Blind gave a *matinée* of *Plot and Passion* at the VAUDEVILLE.

The dramatic library of Mr. Dutton Cook, the late distinguished critic, will be sold by auction at Messrs. Sotheby's Rooms, Wellington Street, on Tuesday next. It comprises a good many books of interest relating to dramatic biography, the drama, and the history of the stage.



A THEATRE IN HONOUR OF THE COMPOSER VERDI has been erected at Padua, and will be opened next month.

THE ART TREASURES ACQUIRED BY THE SYNDICATE at the Fontaine Sale are to be shown temporarily at the British Museum. Altogether the Fontaine Collection realised 97,112*l.*

ATHLETIC EXERCISES are daily coming more into favour with young Frenchmen, and the Paris "Footrace Club," lately founded, has just held a most successful meeting. The runners took the names of celebrated horses, and there was some capital racing.

ENGLISH HANDWRITING is greatly admired by the New York ladies, who consider the angular Britannic caligraphy more fashionable than their own round American style. So "Handwriting Clubs" have been formed, where the fair learners spend hours over their copy books like small school children.

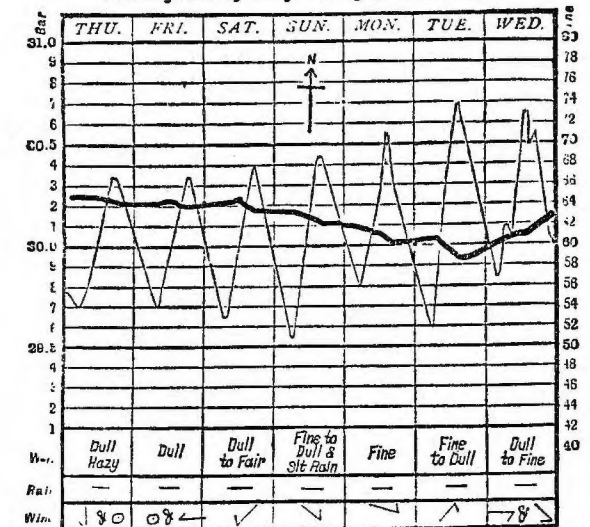
THE FRUIT CROP IN GERMANY is most abundant this year. Round Heidelberg the cherries are in profusion, and one little village alone sends off daily some eighty car-loads, with the prospect of realising a profit of 4,000*l.* for the season's crops. Most of the strawberries come from Saxony, whence they are sent to a Strawberry Exchange at Berlin.

THE THAMES HAS BEEN UNUSUALLY SHALLOW of late between Kew and Twickenham. Last week the bed of the river was actually exposed at low tide, and children crossed from one side to the other on foot. On Monday people walked across to Eel Pie Island nearly four hours before flood, and at low water a party dined and played cricket in the centre of the bed of the river.

LONDON MORTALITY further declined last week, and 1,371 deaths were registered, against 1,450 during the previous seven days, a fall of 79, being 80 below the average, and at the rate of 17*8* per 1,000. The fatal cases of small-pox increased last week, and 41 deaths were registered against 27 in the previous week, exceeding the average by 20; the number of patients in the Metropolitan Asylums Hospital on Saturday last was 1,316, 354 new cases having been admitted during the week. There were 81 deaths from measles (an increase of 8), 24 from scarlet fever (a decline of 9), 11 from diphtheria (a fall of 13), 68 from whooping-cough (a rise of 7), 1 from typhus, 20 from enteric fever (an increase of 3), 21 from diarrhoea and dysentery and 1 from cholera. Different forms of violence caused 57 deaths; 45 were the result of accident or negligence, among which were 24 from fractures and contusions, 4 from drowning, 2 from poison, and 6 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. There were 2,615 births registered, against 2,805 during the previous week, being 22 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 56*8* deg., and 3*1* deg. below the average. The duration of registered bright sunshine in the week was 22*9* hours.

THE CENTENARY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION is to be kept in 1889 with great festivity—provided that the political wheel of fortune has not brought up Monarchy within the next five years—and enthusiastic Republicans have already begun to plan an International Exhibition for Paris which shall surpass all its predecessors. Instead of occupying the Champ de Mars as in 1878, the Exhibition would either be placed in the Bois de Boulogne or the Park of St. Cloud, as not only is the Champ de Mars too small, but the War Minister objects to losing the use of the district for several years. The Trocadero Palace also is occupied by museums, &c., and so could not be used. The Bois de Boulogne is the favoured site, as being most accessible and picturesque, for the great Exhibition Palace would be erected close to the fortifications and extend down to the lake, where annexes would fill the islands. Part of the fortifications must be levelled, but that is regarded as a minor detail, while it is significant of France's recent colonial extension that she proposes to devote an immense section to Eastern countries. Talking of Exhibitions, the Electrical Department at the Antwerp Exhibition next year will be specially good, and, amongst other schemes, the illumination by the electric light of the whole port for some distance down the Scheldt is much discussed. Operas and concerts by telephone from Brussels and Liège are to form another feature.

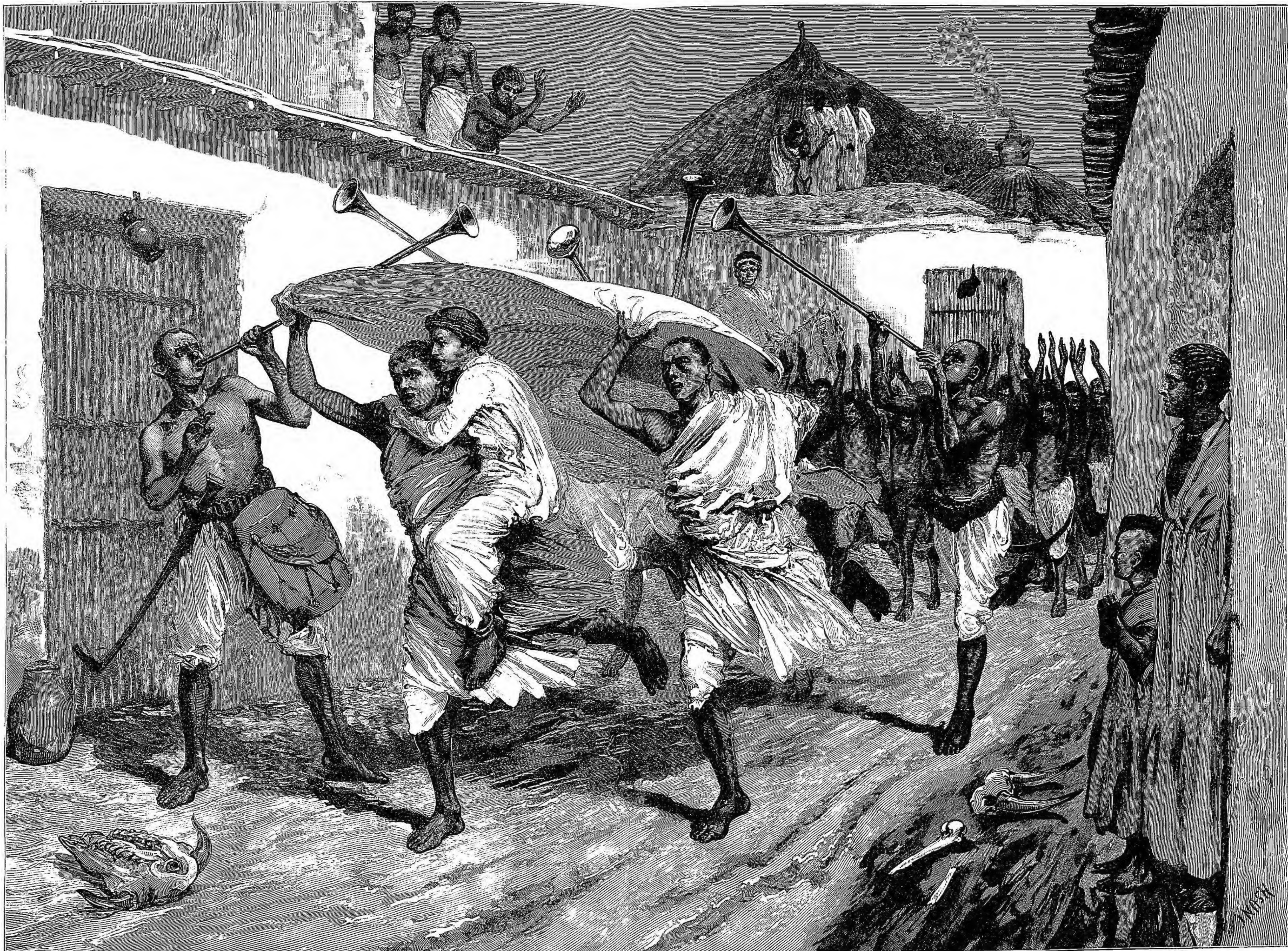
### WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK FROM JUNE 19 TO JUNE 25 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during the past week has been fine on the whole, with very little rain anywhere. During the first part of the period a large area of high and uniform barometric readings lay over the whole of our islands and France, while a system of low pressure remained almost stationary over the Baltic. The wind was chiefly northerly or north-easterly in the east, and north-westerly or westerly in the west, with fine dry weather generally, accompanied by some mist in several places. By Monday (23rd inst.) pressure (previously steady) began to fall generally, and the next day a large depression was found off the north-west of Scotland, accelerating the fall of the barometer in that neighbourhood considerably. The wind now backed to the west or south-west over the greater part of the United Kingdom, and dull weather set in in the west and north, with some rain. The reports on Wednesday morning (25th inst.) showed that the depression which lay off the North of Scotland on Tuesday (24th inst.) had moved away in a north-easterly direction, and that the barometer is rising nearly everywhere. Strong westerly winds blow in the north, and moderate or light westerly or north-westerly breezes elsewhere. The weather is fair to cloudy, with rain at Stornoway. Temperature still remains rather low, the highest maximum readings for the week being 75° at Prawle Point on Sunday (22nd inst.), and 74° in London and at Cambridge on Tuesday (24th inst.). The barometer was highest (30*25* inches) on Thursday (19th inst.); lowest (29*93* inches) on Tuesday (17th inst.); range, 0*32* inch. Temperature was highest (74°) on Tuesday (24th inst.); lowest (51°) on Sunday (22nd inst.); range, 23°. No measurable quantity of rain has fallen.





WITH ADMIRAL SIR W. HEWETT'S EMBASSY TO KING JOHN OF ABYSSINIA — AN ABYSSINIAN WEDDING AT ADOWA  
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS





**THE CONFERENCE.**—The programme to be laid before the Conference was set forth in both the French and English Parliaments on Monday, when the terms of the Anglo-French understanding were officially announced. The main features of the agreement are given under the head of "Parliament." All arrangements, however, entirely hinge upon the action of the Conference, and will fall to the ground should that body disagree. Further, the decisions of the Conference are to be subject to Parliamentary approval. Each Power will be represented by a single Plenipotentiary, assisted by a financial adviser. Turkey was at first sorely perplexed whether to stand aloof in disapproval, but has finally decided to attend, while reserving her sovereign rights in Egypt, and reiterating the wish for a joint military occupation.

The result of the Anglo-French negotiations has given scant satisfaction in FRANCE. Hopes had been raised high by rumours of considerable English concessions, so that the plain facts of the case caused decided disappointment. Thus M. Ferry's statement in the French Chamber was coldly received. He made a plain, brief speech, sketching the history of the negotiations since they were broken off in 1883 by M. Duclerc, and, while following the same lines as Lord Granville and Mr. Gladstone, endeavoured to make the most of the gain to France in various particulars. He was full, however, of compliments to the "illustrious Mr. Gladstone" and the "lofty and disinterested policy of England," whose good relations he declared were most valuable. No discussion followed, but the Government was to be interpellated on Egyptian affairs on Thursday, when a warm debate was expected, judging from the prevailing temper of French politicians. Strong condemnation of the agreement is expressed by the majority of the Press, the *Débats* being particularly violent, and "the national surrender" and "a Mediterranean Sedan" are amongst the terms applied to the present action of France. Other countries are somewhat chary of comment till the Conference has met, but AUSTRIA considers the understanding to be a compromise where France has the advantage, while GERMANY holds that England has yielded a great deal. EGYPT takes a despondent view of the arrangement as likely to lead to increased expense, with very little relief to the strained situation.

To turn to affairs in Egypt itself, British troops are at last being sent up country to strengthen the advance posts. The 35th Regiment has gone to Assouan, where their presence will materially quiet the existing alarm, while another armed steamer is to be put on the Nile. Major Trotter's garrison at Wady Halfa has also been raised to 600 men, and the commander feels sure of defending the place, though his water supply is unsatisfactory. The rebels, however, are stated to be in force near Korosko, whence Major Kitchener has advanced to El Hamair, on the road between Assouan and Berber, and daily expects to be attacked. No further trustworthy news has come from Berber, and indeed little is allowed to transpire through Dongola, where the Mudir's good faith is very dubious. Whilst constantly telegraphing to the Government for arms and troops, and declaring that his men will not let him leave during Ramadan, the Mudir is stated to be negotiating with the Mahdi, arming the natives, and oppressing the Christian Copt inhabitants.

The prospect of a cholera epidemic has thrown FRANCE into the greatest consternation. The disease broke out at Toulon a fortnight ago, but as isolated cases are not uncommon at this time of year, little notice was taken at first. Cases increased, however, the alarmed authorities seemed unable to cope with the difficulty, and the epidemic could no longer be concealed. Shops were shut, schools suspended, thousands fled out of the town, and a perfect panic ensued. On Sunday seventeen deaths occurred, but by Wednesday only two were reported, and, though many fresh cases occurred, they were not so fatal. Thus it is hoped the attack may not prove so serious after all, and may be confined to Toulon alone. A sanitary cordon has now been drawn round the town, which looks most desolate, owing to the suspension of business, while the soldiers and sailors are camping out in the environs. It is officially declared that the disease is sporadic, not Asiatic cholera, and due mainly to the bad sanitary condition of the town, which is traditional for its dirty state. Nevertheless, many competent opinions hold firmly that the symptoms are those of Asiatic cholera, and that the epidemic has been imported by troops from Tonkin. Every precaution is now being taken, not only at Toulon itself, but at Marseilles, where great fear prevails.

The cholera and Egyptian affairs have effectually put all other subjects in the shade. The Morocco question has subsided temporarily, and only faint interest has been expressed in the annexation of Cambodia to Cochinchina, just officially announced, after being under French protection for twenty-one years.

The death of the Prince of Orange has created a profound sensation in HOLLAND, not only through regret for the Prince himself, whose reserve had kept him aloof from the Dutch people, but with regard to the complications which may arise respecting the succession to the Throne. Thus the Dutch Monarchy remains without a direct male heir. As no Salic law prevails in the Netherlands, the succession devolves on the little four-year-old Princess Wilhelmina, the only child of the King's second marriage. King William is sixty-seven years old, and in bad health, so that the prospects of a speedy vacancy in the Throne, and of a long Regency, seriously occupy Dutch politicians. The States-General must, during the King's lifetime, pass a law providing for the guardianship of the Princess of Orange, and appointing a Regent. Apparently her mother, Queen Emma, will be named Regent, while guardians must be chosen from the high Dutch nobility and the relatives of the Royal Family. The King will return home for the Prince's funeral on July 8.

GERMANY is still busy with colonial affairs, and Prince Bismarck has been trying hard to get the Reichstag to grant the subsidy for a trans-oceanic line. He took the opportunity to press the matter at his "Frühstücken," one of those morning parliamentary garden parties which have replaced the famous *soirées* where the Chancellor informally ventilated his opinions before his official guests. Being forbidden to keep late hours, the Prince now invites his guests to "an early glass of beer." During the debate by the Budget Committee on the subsidy, Prince Bismarck spoke warmly respecting the German settlement at Angra Pequena, declaring that Germany did not desire to found a Colonial Empire like England and France, but was determined to protect German settlers wherever they were. He disclaimed any intention of making a demonstration against England, however, who had now recognised German claims to Angra Pequena.

In INDIA public attention continues fixed on the vexed question of the Government summer migration. It is now estimated that the removal to the hills costs the Empire some 100,000l. annually, irrespective of indirect expenses, and the Government has been requested by the home authorities to furnish a return of the expenditure thus caused since 1858. Besides this agitation, Calcutta is anxious about the sanitary state of the town, which has been roundly

condemned by the Surgeon-General of Bengal as most dangerous to health.

In the UNITED STATES all parties are anxiously looking forward to the meeting of the Democratic Convention at Chicago on July 8. This gathering is fully expected to nominate Governor Cleveland for the Presidency; and the New York Democrats have managed to induce their delegates to vote as a unit for the Governor, although many dislike the nomination. On the other hand, Mr. Blaine has regained many of his Republican supporters who at first opposed him. He has now formally accepted the nomination, announcing his unqualified approval of the platform set forth by the Chicago Republican Convention.—The old Mormon difficulty is again to the fore. A Bill has passed the Senate to suppress polygamy in Utah, and to deprive the Mormon Church of its political power.—The House has also passed a measure prohibiting the importation of foreign workmen under contract, as American labour has been much injured by the influx of foreign hands ready to work at lower wages.

Among MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS, serious floods have occurred in AUSTRIA. Owing to heavy rains the Galician rivers have overflowed, and submerged several hundred villages, bridges have been swept away, railway communication is stopped, and thousands of people are homeless. Happily, few lives have been lost; but many towns are surrounded with water, and Cracow especially is in great danger.—The revival of capital punishment has caused much excitement in ITALY, where no execution has taken place for many years. Two soldiers, however, were shot on Saturday for murder.—Cuban affairs arouse much anxiety in SPAIN, the financial situation of the island being very bad. While promising Government help, the Spanish Premier has declared that Spain could not assume Cuban monetary burdens.



THE Queen has returned to Windsor from Scotland. On Sunday Divine Service was performed at Balmoral by the Rev. A. Campbell before the Queen, Princess Beatrice, Princess Leiningen, and the young Princesses of Edinburgh, while subsequently the three little Princesses lunched with her Majesty. In the evening the Rev. A. Campbell joined the Royal party at dinner. Her Majesty, with Princess Beatrice and Princess Leiningen, left Balmoral on Tuesday afternoon, and reached Windsor Castle to breakfast on Wednesday morning. In the afternoon the Queen and Princess Beatrice paid a visit of condolence to the Dowager Duchess of Buccleuch, while on Thursday the Queen was expected to hold a Council. After spending a short time at Windsor Her Majesty will go to Osborne.

The Prince and Princess of Wales went to Claremont at the end of last week to see the Duchess of Albany. The Prince spent Saturday to Monday at Sandringham, while the Princess and her daughters remained in town and attended Divine Service on Sunday. On Tuesday the Prince attended the meeting of the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Working Classes, and went to the House of Lords. Next day the Prince as President of the City and Guilds of London Institute opened the Central Institution, Exhibition Road, while to-day (Saturday) he is expected to visit Shorncliffe, to inspect the 10th Hussars on their return from the Sudan. He will hold *levees* on July 7 and 14.—The Princess will open Miss Mary Wardell's Convalescent Home for Scarlet Fever at Brockley Hill, Stanmore, on July 14th.—Prince Albert Victor has gone to Heidelberg to study.



"SAVONAROLA."—Dr. Villiers Stanford's new opera *Savonarola*, recently produced in Hamburg, was announced at Covent Garden on Friday, too late, of course, for criticism this week. A brief description of the work, derived from the full rehearsals, may however be of interest. Mr. Gilbert à Beckett, the librettist, has drawn the central idea of his story from more than one biographer, and some of the details seem to have been suggested by George Eliot's "Romola." In the prologue, at Ferrara, A.D. 1475, Savonarola is a young soldier, whose ladylove Clarice has been betrothed to the villain Rucello. The chant (taken from a fourteenth century service book discovered in St. Patrick's Cathedral) of some Dominican monks rouses the hero from his state of despair, and breaking his sword, he devotes himself to the service of the Church. The scene of the first act proper is laid in Florence A.D. 1498. Clarice is dead, but she has left a daughter Francesca, whom Rucello and the Medici have chosen to be the instrument of the priest's assassination. The choruses of the contending factions, interspersed with the processional hymn of the child band of the Piagnoni, entreating the women to sacrifice their jewels and ornaments, are singularly effective. The stately presence of Savonarola stills the tumult, and when Francesca is dragged in, and the proofs of her intended guilt are found upon her, the priest, learning whose child she is, pardons her. In the next act the Florentine multitude have turned to the side of the Medici, and Savonarola is besieged in the monastery of San Marco. The chief points of this act are Savonarola's apostrophe to Florence, and Francesca's duet with her lover, Sebastiano. The gates of the monastery are at length forced, Sebastiano is killed, and Francesca is led away captive. In the last act Francesca comes penitent to Savonarola's prison, and a beautiful duet ensues. Then we have the scene of martyrdom, preceded by a Wagnerian funeral march. Rucello brutally scoffs at the condemned man, but he flees in shame as the crowd curse him. Francesca remains alone to pray that she may die, and as the ruddy fire from the martyr's stake illuminates the stage, death comes to her. The music is entirely based on the Wagnerian model, not only in the importance of the orchestration, the abolition of full closes, and in the use made of *leitmotiven*, but also in general character.

A LADIES' CONCERT.—The Viscountess Folkestone, herself a charming vocalist, has organised a concert, to be given on July 18th, in aid of the People's Entertainment Society. Lord William Compton and the Hon. Spencer Lytton will be graciously permitted to assist as solo vocalists, but the whole of the choir and the stringed orchestra will be composed of ladies. Among the fourteen first violins will be the Ladies George Neville, Sybil Lowther, and Florence Wilbraham, while the second violins will be led by Lady Idina Neville and Lady Eleanor Heneage. The Viscountess has even been able to secure the services of three ladies, Misses E. Curzon, G. Nunn, and Middleton, for that ponderous instrument the contra-basso. Forty ladies are to form the choir. Among those who have promised to be present are the Prince and Princess of Wales.

THE OPERAS.—At the Italian Opera the activity of all concerned is directed to the rehearsals of M. Reyer's *Sigurd*. An

advance copy of the vocal score has been received from Paris, and the opera—a French echo of the German school—seems exceedingly strong, both dramatically and musically. Madame Patti has appeared as Rosina in *Il Barbiere*, and in the lesson scene she sang Ardit's "Il Bacio" and "Home, Sweet Home." On Thursday she was announced to appear in *Dinorah*, vice *Semiramide*, postponed. On Monday the American soprano, Miss Gertrude Griswold, made her stage *débüt*. The lady had already appeared in concerts, but with little success. As a niece of Bret Harte, Miss Griswold of course attracted a considerable number of Americans, who, if not particularly warm in their applause, rewarded her with a cab full of bouquets. Miss Griswold obviously did not do herself justice. Her voice is apparently limited both in compass and power, but Miss Griswold had, we believe, been for the two previous days under the care of Dr. Mackenzie, and it would hardly be fair, under such conditions, to judge her.—At the German Opera, *Die Meistersinger* has been performed for the last time, and Madame Albani has appeared as Senta in Wagner's early opera, *The Flying Dutchman*. On Wednesday *Fidelio* was performed, and in accordance with German custom, Balfe's recitatives, which are invariably used in London, were replaced by dialogue.

CONCERTS (Various).—Miscellaneous concerts were given on Friday of last week by that clever and versatile vocalist, Miss Rosa Leo; by Miss Agnes Liddell, a promising young student of the Guildhall School; and by Miss Mary Rachel, a soprano vocalist, and a pupil of Mr. Welch.—On Saturday, Mr. James Peter, a pianist, gave a concert; and an operatic entertainment was given for the benefit of the widow and orphans of the late Signor Susini, who was recently killed by a hansom cab.—Mdlle. Janotha gave her last recital on Monday. Madame Schumann's gifted pupil was heard at her best in Schumann's *Carneval*, and in the "Sonata Pastorale" of Beethoven. She played, however, music of many schools, from the Fantasia in C minor of Bach to a Mazurka and Gavotte by her father, who was a professor at the Conservatoire at Warsaw, Mdlle. Janotha's native place.—At Mr. Isidore de Lara's Concert on Tuesday, some of the most melodious drawing-room songs, both by this composer and by Signor Tosti, were performed. Several eminent artists appeared, and amongst them Miss Alexandra Ehrenberg, who has won great popularity in society by her singing of these songs. Mrs. Bancroft and Mrs. Bernard Beere gave recitations.—Concerts have also been given by the students at the Guildhall School of Music, Madame Edith Wynne, Madame Frickenhaus, Madame Dunbar Perkins, Mr. George Watts (at which several artists from the opera appeared), Mrs. Godfrey Pearce (for a charity), the Kensington Choral Society, Mdlle. Anna Vidal, Mdlle. Avigliana, and numerous others.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Madame Trebelli has arrived in England from New York; but she will not sing at the Opera this season.—The death is announced of Mrs. Zerbin, wife of Mr. Zerbin, the violinist, and sister of Mr. Patey. Mrs. Zerbin was an extremely intellectual lady, and she was for many years secretary and amanuensis to the late Sir Charles Lyell, the geologist.—The death is also announced, aged thirty-six, of Mr. Sydney Samuel, the adapter of several operettas, &c.—Madame Patti has, it is said, been re-engaged by Mr. J. H. Mapleson for America, at the reduced salary of 800l. per night. Last season she was paid 1,080l. per representation in advance.—M. Audran, composer of the *Alascolle*, has agreed to compose four new operettas to Mr. Farnie's librettos within the next two years.—It is reported that Mr. Maurice Strakosch has arranged with Madame Nilsson and Madame Devries for two seasons of Opera in New York.—Madame Essipoff has announced a tour in England early in the new year.—The death is announced of Mr. Henry C. Work, composer of a large number of negro revivalist hymns.



THERE are few spectacles in the world more striking than the House of Commons at a public crisis. Such a crisis came on Monday last, when the Premier had undertaken to communicate to the House the terms of the settlement with France. As a matter of fact the event had been pretty well discounted beforehand. The general heads of the agreement had been, with remarkable accuracy, forecasted in some of the morning papers. Nevertheless there was an intense desire to hear them verified from the lips of the Premier, and to witness their reception by the Conservative Opposition. Once more the chaplain had an overflowing congregation at prayer time, the spiritual advantages of the service being weighted by the temporal convenience of securing a seat for the evening. Mr. Gladstone did not arrive till five o'clock, at which time there was not standing room in any part of the House, much less a seat to be had. Two newly-elected county members coming up to "take the oath" found that a matter of easier accomplishment than the usually concurrent process of "taking their seats." The side galleries were crowded equally with the Benches on the floor of the House. Happy were the strangers who had been so fortunate as to secure seats for this particular night, and only less favoured were those permitted to cluster at the doorway at the topmost floor of the Strangers' Gallery, a Pisgah from which they could catch glimpses of the Promised Land, and hear some distant murmur of the Premier's voice. The Prince of Wales, who has long been absent from his accustomed seat over the clock, resumed it on Monday. For a while he had the Peers' Gallery to himself, as a debate on the same subject was going forward in the House of Lords, and keeping members of that House in their places. At a quarter-past five, just after the Premier had risen, noble lords came in with a rush, storming the gallery, and eagerly taking possession of its limited accommodation. It was noted that the Prince of Wales, with full opportunity of indulging in conversation with Peers on his left, entered into long conversation with a commoner who sat on his right, a stubborn bar separating him from the Peerage. The stranger was Sir Evelyn Baring, who had had much to do with the settlement with France, and had come down to hear and see how the House of Commons regarded the work.

Of late the string of questions on the paper has notably decreased. It sometimes, on Mondays and Thursdays, goes over the half hundred. But after having seen eighty set forward with the certainty that they will be supplemented by at least forty put orally, a mere fifty is regarded as evidence of uncompromising reticence. It is well to note this pleasant circumstance whilst it exists. Mr. O'Donnell, after a long silence, has broken forth again, and on Monday had a cluster of five questions to put, being a trifle over an eleventh of the whole. Another series put on Thursday proved that whatever may be the case to others he was not exhausted. Mr. Biggar, too, has broken ground in a fresh place, following Mr. O'Donnell to India, where he has picked up a grievance borne by a native with an unpronounceable name. This is the only occasion on which the House has ever regretted the adoption of a rule forbidding the reading of questions. If Mr. Biggar had to pronounce the names of his new clients even he might shrink from the interrogation. As it is he gets it printed, refers to the question by number, and so leaves the responsibility of pronunciation with the Under Secretary of State for India.



On Monday the Premier was called upon at a quarter-past five. A cheer greeted his rising, and when he sat down, having thrown down the glove to whomsoever opposed the Ministerial plan, a ringing cheer broke forth from the Liberal ranks, and was answered by another from the Conservatives. But these were the only demonstrations of feeling elicited. The gravity of the occasion and the intense interest that prevailed kept the audience quiet on either side. What the Premier had to say may be briefly summarised. England agrees to withdraw the troops from Egypt on the 1st of January, 1888, should the Powers declare that the state of the country allows of the step being taken without risk to peace and order. In the mean time it will be at the discretion of England whether the occupation shall be prolonged to the full term or the troops earlier withdrawn. The Commissioners of the Public Debt will be presided over by an Englishman, who will have the casting vote. They will receive a limited extension of power in the direction of making themselves acquainted with the financial position of Egypt, and of preventing excesses of expenditure beyond the limits laid down in the Budget. France gives an unqualified assurance of the entire abandonment of the Dual Control, and undertakes not to enter Egypt with an armed force except at the invitation of England. Last, but not least, during the three years and a half of British occupation, a plan is to be prepared for the neutralisation of Egyptian territory (of course including the Canal) on the basis of the neutrality of Belgium.

Sir Stafford Northcote followed the Premier, but was evidently embarrassed by the necessity of assuming at a moment's notice a definite attitude upon these proposals which, giving the lie to many fabrications, had plainly reassured and reunited the Liberals, casting a corresponding depression through the Conservative ranks. He referred to the fixed date for the withdrawal of the troops as a grave matter, and complained of information being withheld as to the terms of the monetary arrangements, concluding with an intimation that an early opportunity would be taken of calling for an expression of the opinion of the House. But there was no ring of battle in his voice, and he was too plainly affected by the temporary depression in the Conservative ranks. Lord Randolph Churchill gave a new turn to affairs. Instead of retreating he attacked, and, though much of his speech was founded on misrepresentation of words the Premier had just uttered, and which were still in the recollection of the House, that answered his purpose well enough by rousing his own party, who drowned in cheers the protests from the Liberal side, and shouted down the Premier when he rose to point out Lord Randolph's inaccuracies, and to declare that he disclaimed every one of the noble lord's paraphrases of his statement. The crowd remained to hear Mr. Goschen's earnest entreaty that the Opposition would not place themselves and the House in a false position by forcing a debate on the incomplete materials at their disposal. But after this it melted away, though the conversation was kept up till eight o'clock.

The week has seen the Franchise Bill through its ultimate stages. Next week comes the critical time, when the Lords will have to decide whether they shall take on themselves the responsibility of throwing out the measure. The later hours of Monday night were devoted to making progress with the report stage, which might then have passed but for an error of judgment on the part of the Attorney-General. An amendment was submitted disqualifying persons convicted of felony from exercising the franchise within twelve months after the termination of their imprisonment. Early in the evening the Attorney-General made an excellent speech against the amendment. Two hours later he proposed, with slight modification, to accept it. The Irish members, jealous for the privileges of persons accustomed to go to prison, then appeared on the scene, and strongly condemned the amendment. Conservative and Liberal opinion were alike divided upon it, and finally, at the end of three hours' barren dispute, the Premier announced that the game was not worth the candle, and that the amendment first objected to and then accepted would now be abandoned. This took up what remained of the sitting, still leaving five pages of amendments. But two hours of the morning sitting on Tuesday sufficed to dispose of these, and the report stage passed, the third reading being taken on Thursday. Beyond this, progress has been made at odd times with other and smaller measures, there being just now, as instanced in the case of questions, a marked diminution of the spirit of obstruction on the part of Irish members and others.

On Wednesday afternoon Sir Stafford Northcote gave notice, on behalf of Mr. Thomas Bruce, of a resolution censuring the Government for the agreement with France, and the remainder of the sitting was devoted to consideration of the Cemeteries Bill, a measure promoted by the Nonconformists with the object of doing away with the necessity for two chapels in a cemetery and abolishing clergymen's fees. Mr. Beresford Hope moved the rejection of the Bill, and on a division was defeated by 176 votes against 154. This brought the House up to ten minutes to six, and Mr. Stanhope objecting to the Bill being read a second time, there was nothing to be done but to let the debate stand adjourned.



THE PROVOSTSHIP OF ETON COLLEGE has been conferred by Her Majesty on its Head Master, the Rev. James J. Hornby, D.D., in succession to the late Rev. Dr. Goodford.

THE NEW BISHOP OF CHESTER, Dr. Stubbs, was enthroned in Chester Cathedral on Tuesday. On the same day, the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by several prelates, consecrated the Hon. and Rev. A. G. R. Anson as Bishop of Assiniboine, North West Canada, and the Rev. J. Hannington as Anglican Bishop in North East Africa. The Bishop of Saskatchewan preached the sermon.

THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER conducted the service on the reopening, after its enlargement, of the parish church of St. Anne, Kew, to the original erection of which Queen Anne contributed money and land, and in which George III. and his family worshipped. The enlargement has cost 5,000*l.*, to which handsome contributions were made by the members of the Royal Family, including the Duke of Cambridge, whose family mausoleum in the church has been removed and rebuilt.

AT THE LAST MEETING of the Governors of the Corporation of Sons of the Clergy, 2,357*l.* were distributed, chiefly among struggling clergy with three or more children.

THE FIFTH JUBILEE has been celebrated this week of the Augustinian Convent of Our Lady of Sion in Paris, which was founded in 1634 by an English Roman Catholic, and to which ever since the leading English Roman Catholic families have contributed inmates, both as nuns and pupils. The nuns continue to be nearly all English, but the pupils are chiefly French. The lady afterwards celebrated as George Sand was for three years a pupil, and of her convent life she has recorded interesting reminiscences in her memoirs. The Papal Nuncio in Paris presided at the luncheon, with which Mrs. Howell, the Lady Superior, ushered in the jubilee, and the Pope telegraphed his blessing.

A STRIKING EPISODE in the proceedings at the Spurgeon Jubilee (referred to in this column last week) was the presentation to him of a cheque for 4,500*l.*, "to spend as he pleased."

A FIVE DAYS' "COUNCIL OF WAR," said to be the largest of the kind as yet assembled, has been held at Sheffield this week, attended by General and Mrs. Booth, and, to say nothing of rank and file, by some 400 majors, captains, and lieutenants, with fifty brass bands, from the Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Notts divisions.



IN THE MATTER of the Park Club, St. James's, reported in this column some time ago, the Bow Street magistrate, it will be remembered, held that it was maintained for unlawful gambling, punishable under the statute, and he inflicted penalties of 500*l.* each on the proprietor and the members of the Committee, and of 100*l.* each on three of the ordinary members of the Club, whom the police found in it playing at baccarat. The magistrate, Sir James Ingham, at the same time prepared a case for the decision of a Superior Court, which was given this week in the Queen's Bench Division by Mr. Justice Hawkins and Mr. Justice A. L. Smith. They confirmed the judgment of the magistrate on the objects of the Club, and upheld his decision in so far as regarded the penalties inflicted on its proprietor and the members of the Committee, but set aside the conviction of the ordinary members who were found card-playing, as they could not be said to have assisted in conducting the establishment. The decision is an important one, as of late years several proprietary clubs have been started at the West End, the profits of which are mainly derived from payments made by the members for the use of the card-tables.

IN AN ACTION brought in person by the irrepressible Mrs. Weldon against Mr. Riviere for breach of contract and an assault, both prior to the passing of the Married Women's Property Act of 1882, the Queen's Bench Division decided against her, upholding the defendant's contention that, being a married woman at the time, she could not then enter into a contract, or now sue in the matter of the assault without her husband. The Act of 1882 gave power to married women to sue without their husbands only in cases of assault arising after the passing of the Act.

THE ENQUIRY INSTITUTED BY THE BOARD OF TRADE into the circumstances of the collision and loss of the *State of Florida* and the *Pouema* closed at Glasgow on Wednesday, when the Court found that the *Pouema* had, and that the *State of Florida* had not, complied with the regulations of the Board, and that Thomson, the chief officer of the *State of Florida*, having failed to navigate it with proper and seamanlike care, his certificate as master would be suspended for six months. The Court, however, would recommend the Board to allow him during that period a first mate's certificate.

THE JUDGES OF NEW YORK having decided that embezzlement is not an offence specified in the Anglo-American Treaty of 1842, Tully, the late sub-manager of the Preston Bank, which he plundered to the amount of 15,000*l.*, cannot be extradited, and the bank is proceeding against him by civil process. In this way it is hoped to recover the money, which he has invested in the States. He has been re-arrested by the Sheriff of New York, and according to the laws of that State he can be detained in the Debtors' Prison, where he now is, until the money which he has stolen is recovered, or he has disproved his indebtedness to his former employers.



THE TURF.—At Stockbridge in the South, and at Newcastle (Gosforth Park) in the North, there has been attraction for racegoers; but it can hardly be said that much of interest has taken place. In Hampshire the fields were comparatively small, owing to the hardness of the ground, though the Stockbridge turf is credited with preserving its softness and elasticity however long a drought may have lasted. The Bibury Club day was very tame; but on it Archer won four times out of five mounts, was second for the fifth, and "walked over" for the sixth. Of course the crack jockeys get the best mounts, but just now there seems to be more than ever in the art of riding a thoroughbred. On the first day of Stockbridge proper, Geheimniss had an easy victory in the Stockbridge Cup. The most noticeable event on the first day of Newcastle was Beauchamp's maiden victory in the North Derby; though the performance was nothing much to boast of, as he had an "allowance," and his three antagonists carried penalties. On Wednesday, the Northumberland Plate, still called the "Pitmen's Derby," and so long associated with the old course on the Town Moor, was run. There were nine starters, of whom Duncan and Robertson were made the favourites, the former having a slight call. They ran second and third, the winner turning up in the comparative outsider, Lawminster, a son of Harriet Laws, who won the Plate ten years ago. As the owner of both is a local man, the victory was very popular.

CRICKET.—Our Australian visitors have a victory and a defeat to be added to their record since our last Notes. Their victory was over Liverpool and District, which put a not very powerful eleven into the field, and was beaten by only one wicket. The two totals of the Australians were 140 and 128 (for nine wickets.) The largest score in the game was A. G. Steel's 72 for Liverpool. The Australian defeat was at the hands of the North of England, a mixed team, which beat them by an innings and 22 runs. Mr. Hornby was in something of his old form, scoring 94, and Barnes was credited with 67. The Australians only scored 91 in their first innings. There seems to be a general impression that the visitors are going "off" a little, and certainly their fielding, which has hitherto been looked on as almost their strongest point, seems to have deteriorated.—Inter-county cricket has resulted in two defeats of Kent by Hampshire and Middlesex respectively; in the victory of Sussex over Gloucestershire; and of Yorkshire over Derbyshire.—If we look at the victory of Surrey over Cambridge, and its defeat by Oxford, and add to this the loss by Cambridge of its match with the M.C.C., it looks a good thing for the Dark Blues against the Light Blues in their forthcoming annual match at Lord's.—Whatever we may think of the Philadelphian amateurs as all-round cricketers, certain it is that they have some good batting power among them, as witness their 520 and 260 against the Gentlemen of Cheshire and the Gentlemen of Leicestershire, both of whom they beat in one innings. However bad may be the bowling, there requires some batting to make the following figures, as the Philadelphians did against the Gentlemen of Cheshire—Newall, 125; Stoeber, 105; Scott, 64; Thayer, 62; Law, 55.

ATHLETICS.—The Amateur Athletic Association Championship Meeting, though a very long title, was not productive of much

interest at Birmingham, as the American cracks took no part in it, with the exception of Meek, of New York, who won the Seven Miles' Walk, but did not beat the English record. "Our" Mr. George won the Mile in 4 min. 18 2-5 sec., thus beating his own previous performance, and doing "the fastest on record." He also won the Ten Miles, in 54 min. 2 sec.

CYCLING.—At the National Cyclists' Union Amateur Championship Meeting, the Twenty-five Miles' Tricycle Championship was won by Liles, of the L.A.C., who did the distance in 1 hour 28 min. 58 sec., and beat all previous records from twelve miles upwards.—At a recent meet of tricyclists on Hayes Common, an "eighteen-hand" put in an appearance. It is not improbable that machines of this kind, or "fours" or "sixes," will soon be seen in abundance.

AQUATICS.—The entries for Henley Regatta are about up to the average mark, and some interesting contests may be expected, especially in the Diamond Sculls, for which several members of Continental clubs have entered. Already several house-boats have taken up their position for the great aquatic gathering, which commences on the 3rd of next month, and more crews than usual have already been at work for some days on the course.

ANGLING.—The angling season on the Thames has not opened auspiciously in consequence of the water being very low. Matters have, however, been pretty lively before the Thames Preservation Committee at the House of Commons, and if the wishes of some of the witnesses called were to have their fulfilment the poor London anglers would not be allowed to wet a line in the river, fishing rights which they have enjoyed from time immemorial. But though the general fishing has been poor, some good Thames trout have recently come to hand; but the fourteen-pounder just reported as taken in the Avon at Salisbury is certainly the *Salmo fario* of the season. Loch Leven trout, too, which, as angling readers know, do not run very large, are looking up, or rather some of their breed are, as Mr. Russell, of Pollokshields, fishing some private water near Glasgow, has captured some fish weighing respectively 3½, 3, 4, and 3¾ lbs.

POLO.—Polo at Hurlingham still continues very attractive, and few contests draw more than that for the Military Cup, given annually by the Club. On the present occasion the 7th Hussars and the 5th Lancers were left in for the final game. This was most obstinately disputed, and when time was called matters were equal. In playing off the tie the Lancers just won.



FINE WEATHER has favoured the farmer during the past fortnight. Wheat is short and strong in straw, and more regular and uniform in growth than has been the case since 1878. The colour is very good, and there is but little rust, even in the Eastern Counties, whence certain complaints on this score have been heard. The wheat in Norfolk and Suffolk came into ear this year between the 5th and 15th June, according to variety of wheat and aspect of the field. The flowering period has followed, under the stimulus of sunshiny days, very close upon earing time. Wheat fields which only came into ear on the 8th and 9th were in flower on the 20th and 21st, and the still air, warm days, and dewy nights have thus far made the flowering season an unwontedly fortunate one. Barley is difficult to describe as a whole crop, the fact being that the time of sowing makes a vast difference this season. Barley sown in March is not only more forward than sowings after Easter, but is in every way a better, healthier, and stronger growth. The late barley is poor and thin; the early barley is often of really fine promise, swelling nicely for the ear, and showing a capital colour. Oats are not very promising; still, they are rather better than might have been expected from the general character of the spring. Beans vary a good deal, the winter-sown being full and lusty of growth, and the land unusually free from weeds, while the late sowings of beans are thin and short. On all corn land this year ugly patches, the result of wireworm, are to be met with.

THE MEADOWS are now merry with the haymakers, though in many cases there is terribly little hay to make. During the past week a good deal has been done, so that, if the crop is short, it may now be hoped that generally it will be secured in good condition. Clover is not so uniformly short as the hay meadows; it is a crop which can do with a smaller allowance of rain, and clover fields this year will often approach an average yield, though the entire crop is decidedly below the mean.

THE COUNTRY may now be fairly said to be looking at its best. The trees are wonderfully rich in foliage, and gardens show a wealth of roses and other flowers; while, in the kitchen garden and fruit orchard, strawberries are ripening to a good crop, and both currants and raspberries promise well. Apples are variable, many trees being very thickly set, others wanting in promise.

THE NORFOLK AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S SHOW was a good one. The entries of horses were 308, being 45 in excess of the previous show, while the cattle were 250 as compared with 185, the sheep 240 as compared with 223, the pigs 57 as compared with 40, and the implements 1,000 as against 890. The horses were very good, especially the agricultural exhibits. In jumping neither county horses nor riders appeared to excel. We do not, however, consider jumping contests an entirely legitimate part of an agricultural show. Red-polled cattle were a grand show; it is remarkable how this capital breed, once nearly extinct, has been resuscitated, strengthened, and improved. There was a very fine display of shorthorns, but this was mainly due to breeders beyond the county. Herefords do not appear to be known in Norfolk, but there was a fair exhibit of Channel Islands cattle, although there is a strong opinion current that the powerful air of Norfolk does not suit these beautiful but rather delicate animals. Of sheep some good Lincolns and Suffolks were shown, and the Southdowns were of high merit. The Show was also remarkable for the exhibit of some prodigious pigs, but goats do not yet seem to have established a general claim to exhibition at agricultural shows.

FARMERS AND RAILWAY CHARGES.—The introduction of Mr. Chamberlain's Bill to regulate railways, and the recent decision of the Railway Commission in reference to the charges for carrying hops, have once more called attention to the inequality of rates charged. The favourable judgment in Berry's case has created some excitement among hop-growers, and the Council of the East Kent Chamber of Agriculture have decided to follow up the success to the utmost extent. Their present objects are to endeavour to recover for hop-growers the illegal overcharges paid for the past six years, and to see that for the future the extortions of the Kentish Companies are not repeated. In the first of these aims we fear they will hardly be successful, but the second should be well within their power. Farmers should also endeavour to resist the inequitable preference given to foreign over English cattle on the railways. Thus we heard only the other day of seven imported cattle being sent from Newcastle to Wakefield for 27*l.* 6*l.*, while seven English cattle sent at the same time were charged 52*l.* for transit! This is an anti-protectionist policy with a vengeance!





ALEXANDER, PRINCE OF ORANGE  
Son of the King of the Netherlands, and Heir to the Throne  
Born August 25, 1851. Died June 27, 1884



PRIVATE THOMAS EDWARDS, V.C.  
1st Battalion Royal Highlanders  
Awarded the Victoria Cross for His Conspicuous Bravery at  
the Battle of Tamsi, March 13

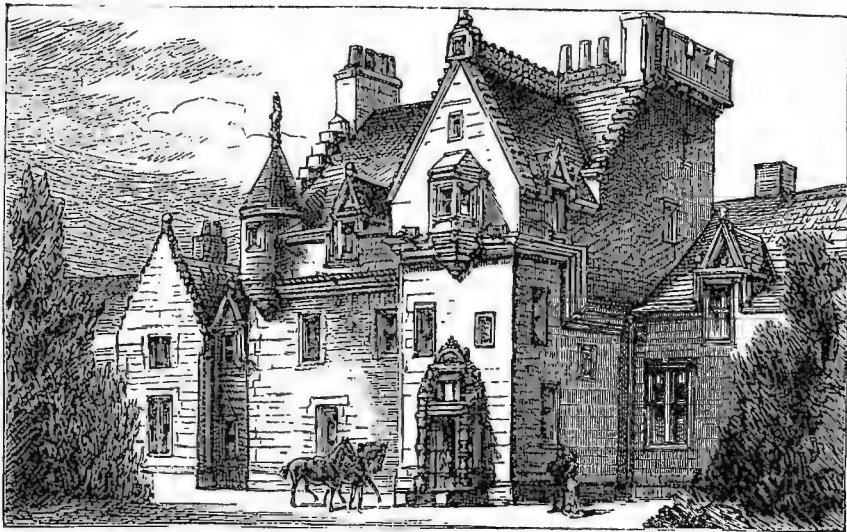


MAJOR C. CHAMLEY TURNER, EGYPTIAN ARMY  
In Command of the Camel Corps During the Suakim Expedition  
Recently Drowned in the Nile at Kenh while Bathing,

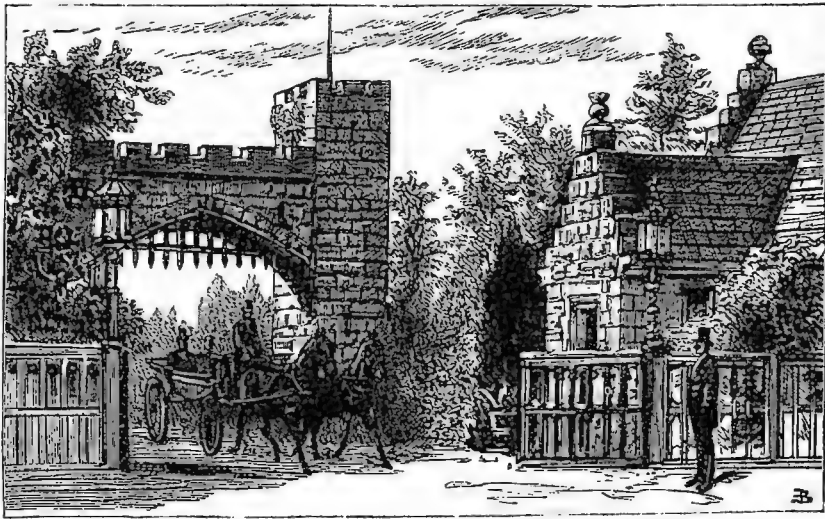


THE "MEDIÆVAL MARKET" AT KNIGHTSBRIDGE FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE COLLEGE FOR TRAINING TEACHERS  
OF THE DEAF AT EALING

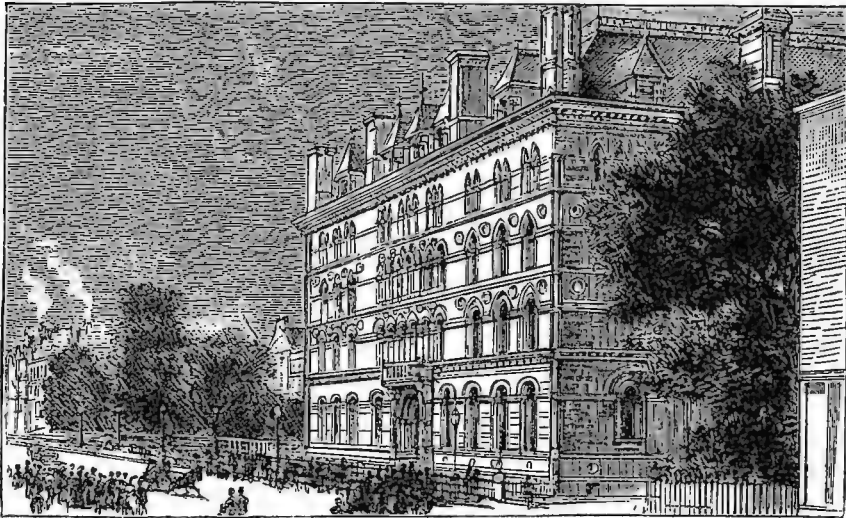




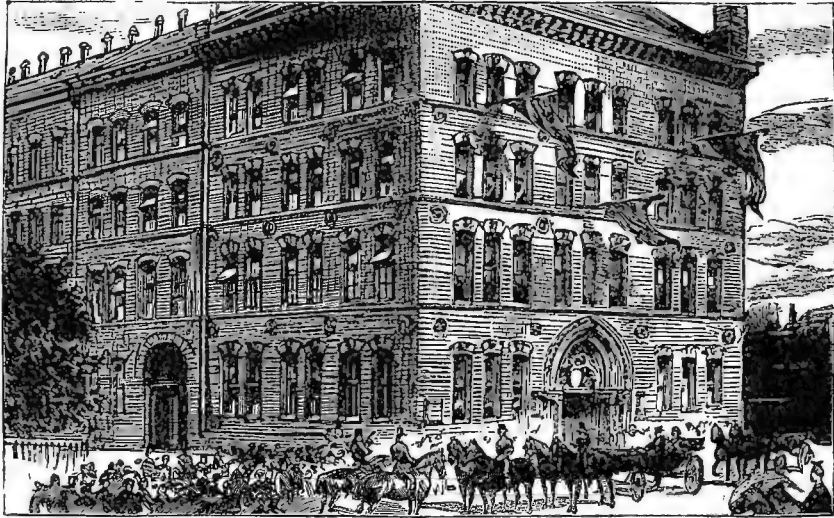
ORMISTON, STRANDTOWN, WHERE LORD AND LADY SPENCER STAYED DURING THEIR VISIT TO BELFAST



TRIUMPHAL ARCH AT ORMISTON



THE VISIT TO MESSRS. RICHARDSON, SONS, AND OWDEN'S LINEN MANUFACTORY



THE VISIT TO MESSRS. MARCUS WARD AND CO.'S PRINTING WORKS



LORD SPENCER LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THE FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY



UNVEILING THE PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN IN THE COUNCIL CHAMBER OF THE MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS

THE VISIT OF THE LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND TO BELFAST

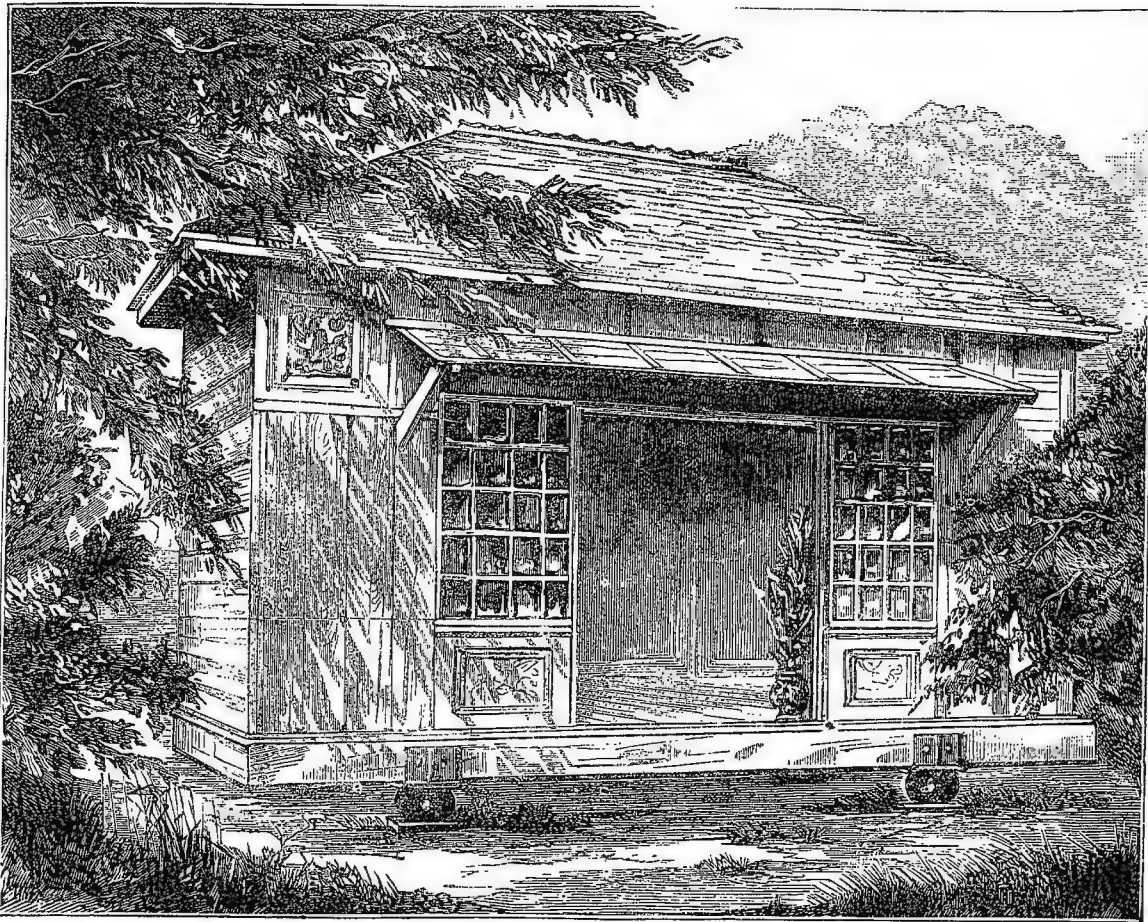


## SCIENTIFIC NOTES

THERE has lately been published a return of all the experiments performed last year in the United Kingdom upon living animals from which we gather the following particulars. The total number of persons holding certificates to perform these experiments was forty-four, but only thirty-two of these actually did perform them. The total number of experiments was 569, of which 392 were performed under the usual restrictions of the Act with regard to anaesthetics, &c. That is to say, the subject was made insensible, and was killed without regaining sensibility, so that the suffering endured was simply nil. Next we have an item which at first sight will shock the sensibilities of the antivivisectionist, 55 experiments without anaesthesia. But when he learns that the operations were simply inoculations, which are akin in the amount of suffering they cause to vaccination, he will soon recover himself. The remaining 122 cases were under special certificates permitting the animals to regain sensibility, but 114 of them were simple inoculations, and in only eight in which anaesthetics were used was anything more than a mere puncture made. In these eight cases the sufferings might be compared to those usually attending the healing of a surgical wound. In the words of the Government Inspector: "The amount of direct or indirect suffering from the performance of physiological experiments during the past year was wholly insignificant, and limited to about fourteen or fifteen animals."

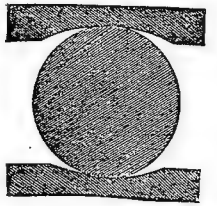
The recent shock of earthquake in England was happily such a rare phenomenon that it aroused a great deal of popular interest, and has invested anything connected with volcanic disturbance with more importance than it might otherwise possess. For this reason we annex a sketch from a photograph of an earthquake-proof house which has been sent to us from Japan through the agency of Professor John Milne, of Yedo. This house represents the result of Mr. Milne's speculations on structures suited to countries subjected to earthquakes. It is a wooden erection with plaster walls and ceilings, supported upon iron balls resting in hollow saucer-like plates, as shown in the small sectional drawing annexed. This method of support prevents, we are told, momentum in a horizontal direction from being transmitted from the ground to the house, and there is just sufficient friction at the points of support to destroy the slight motion that might otherwise take place. We, in London, have not in our building structures to take into account the possible

weak places which might yield to an earth tremor, but perhaps this is rather a misfortune considering the number of houses which are built to sell, rather than to stand. But in places where mother earth is in the habit of shaking her children until they get quite accustomed to it, a special form of earthquake-proof house is a matter of prime importance. To show what might be done in the way of constructive protection we may quote the words of Mr. R. Mallet, one of the greatest authorities on



earthquake phenomena. In his well-known work on the Neapolitan earthquake of 1857, he dwells on the fact that the killed and wounded owed their deaths and sufferings solely to falling buildings. In that awful visitation there were 10,000 killed and 2,000 wounded. "An appalling mass of human misery," says the author of this book, "almost the whole of which was preventable by the exercise of proper care in choice of the methods of construction of the houses in the earthquake region, and future repetitions of which might thus be completely avoided."

A new motive power for tricycles and other vehicles designed for light traffic has been patented by Mr. Edwin Sturge, of Walworth. As we understand the specification, the contrivance consists of a kind of gun-barrel, fitted with a piston rod instead of a bullet which piston rod is geared on to the driving wheel in the manner common to a locomotive steam engine. The barrel is furnished by a hopper with cartridges, and one cartridge is exploded so as to force the piston out at every revolution of the wheel. The rider of this machine will therefore be more accurately described as an exploder than as an explorer. But the scheme will hardly bear working out, for a simple calculation shows that in each mile an average-sized tricycle would use up about 1,000 cartridges. It is alarming to think of the amount of explosive material that would be required for quite a small journey. The spare ammunition would probably have to



be carried beneath the rider's seat, but a hornet's nest would certainly be preferable.

The recently-opened electric railway which runs parallel with the beach at Brighton appears to be a financial as well as an engineering success. A report has been issued, which shows that the total working expenses amount to 18s. per week, whilst the average receipts from passengers are nearly double that sum. The one car that has been in use travels eighty-two miles per day, and a second car is about to be run.

Another form of electric locomotion is that represented by the Lartigue balance railway, which claims to be cheaper in material and working than any other method. The railway system itself has been in use for some years, notably in Africa, for the carriage of agricultural produce; but it is only recently that Messrs.

Siemens have supplied an electrical motor for it. The railway possesses only one rail, which is supported by standards at short intervals some feet above the ground. The trucks are hung upon this bar, like the panniers on an animal's back, one side balancing the other. The haulage power required to move the trucks is very much less than if they rested on two rails in the usual manner. For warehouses, contractors' works, and possibly for military purposes, this system is an admirable one, and the expense of laying the railway is only about 4s. 6d. per yard.

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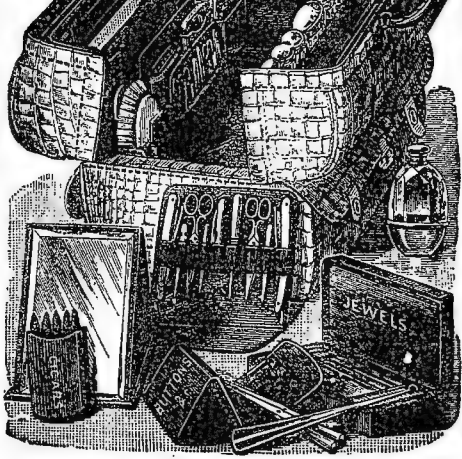
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A Liquid Stopping for Decayed Teeth. Rapidly  
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no inconvenience, and aids mastication. It is of  
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by many users, is sold in bottles, 1s. 1/2d. and 2s. 6d.;  
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"Nature regained her normal powers."  
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"Insidious, undermining foes, begone!"  
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Nature is constantly interred with by the Irritation of  
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Intestinal Worms of large size, and give speedy  
relief. With directions, price 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.,  
post free.

"Remove the Cause, and the Effect shall cease."  
**PLAIN DIRECTIONS FOR**  
COMMON COMPLAINTS, and Complete  
Catalogue of Homoeopathic Medicines, Medicine  
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Chilcombe, near Winchester, to ALICIA, daughter of  
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are able to sell cheaper than large Proprietary Firms  
has now been thoroughly disproved. Members should  
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per cent., and Furnishing Ironmongery, China, Glass,  
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**THE "CANTERBURY" Ebonized**  
CHIPPENDALE DRAWING ROOM SUITE,  
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**EARLY ENGLISH BRACKETS**  
IN BLACK and GOLD or Walnut and Gold,  
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Hanging Corner Whatnots, with four bevelled plates,  
27s. 6d.; Richly Decorated Early English Bracket  
Grandiose, 3ft. high, with Plate Glass Back, 35s. 6d.;  
O. and Co. have an immense variety of Brackets,  
Grandioses, Overmantels, Chimney Glasses, Cabinets,  
and every description of Decorative Furnishing Item,  
on view in the Show Rooms. Illustrations sent post free  
on application.—OETZMANN and CO.

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**OETZMANN & CO.**

**"OLD QUALITY" BRUSSELS**  
CARPETS.—OETZMANN and CO. have  
always in stock some best Five Frame Brussels.  
EXTRA Quality, same as used to be made thirty years  
ago; these are made for O. and Co. from the  
best selected home grown wools; in special high-class  
and best designs; are of remarkable durability,  
and costing but little more than the usual quality.

**ARTISTIC BORDERED CAR-**  
PETS.—OETZMANN and CO., to meet the in-  
creasing taste for artistic furnishing, are introducing  
some very handsome Bordered Carpets in every  
class of design, adapted to every style of fur-  
nishing and decoration at greatly reduced prices,  
ranging from 20s. to 18 guineas. Price lists and  
sketch plans of rooms as guides for measurements are  
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**EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS**  
IN HEARTH RUGS.—37 Handsome Axminster  
Hearthrugs, size 5 ft. 6 in. by 2 ft. 6 in. Newest and  
Best Designs to suit various patterns in carpets, will be  
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No. VIII.

CELEBRITIES OF THE DAY—THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, BART., M.P., D.C.L., G.C.B.  
DRAWN FROM LIFE

*Yours respectfully*

*Stafford Northcote*  
1884





DRAWN BY CHARLES GREEN

"Come out and shut the door."

## DOROTHY FORSTER

By WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN," "THE CAPTAIN'S ROOM," "THE REVOLT OF MAN," &amp;C., &amp;C., &amp;C.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

## FRANK'S ATTEMPT

AND now, indeed, if anything was to be done, it was the time. As for my Lord, he was already making his preparations for leaving the world, having little hope left of reprieve or pardon. Terrible as it is at any age, even when one is old and spent, to leave the light of the sun, the solace of friends and children, and those joys which belong alike to every time of life and to every condition: most terrible of all must it be to give up the world, which is full of every kind of joy and delight, to those who can command them, when one is young, a husband and a father, rich, beloved, and happy. Yet to this Lord Derwentwater cheerfully resigned himself.

I suppose that never in the history of this country have condemned prisoners found so many friends as these six lords. Nothing more clearly proves that England doth steadfastly refuse (whatever the Whigs may say) to confound adherence to the ancient House with high treason, a crime against which the English blood naturally shudders. Many have been executed for this crime, especially under Henry the Eighth and the three Princes who came after him. But never once did any great lords exert themselves to save these criminals. Yet here were great lords and noblemen, Whigs all, that is to say of the offended side, besieging the throne (occupied by a German Duke) for mercy, while even their public journals, and those red-hot pulpits which had bawled so loudly for revenge, now considered with horror the prospect of spilling this noble blood. Even the Princess of Wales, moved with womanly compassion, resolved to do her best, difficult though it was, to save one of the six, and chose Lord Carnwath for the object of her mercy. He was at this time but thirty years of age, said to be of great virtue and excellent parts, educated at Oxford. Nor was she deterred one whit from her purpose by the fact that his Lordship's mother was a most violent and indiscreet woman, who went about declaring everywhere that her son would fall in a noble cause. She, therefore, sent Sir David Hamilton to him, telling him that his only hope lay in confession. Upon this the Earl wrote a letter, in which he confessed that he had gone to Lorraine and conversed with the Prince, and urged him to make very sure of his friends in England before he went to Scotland (which was sound advice, and, if the Prince had followed it, we had all been saved). He also said that he learned, from some of the Prince's company, that it was debated whether the King of Sweden should not be invited into Scotland, there to establish King James by force of arms. The revelation of this design, as nothing could do the Prince more harm, was, perhaps, of itself sufficient service to warrant the release

of the prisoner. Alas! that a righteous cause should be ruined by foolish counsellors! It is now by French arms, now by Swedish, that the King is to be restored! As if the proud English nation will ever receive a Prince thus imposed upon them! In the end, Lord Carnwath was suffered to go free, but his honours were attainted, and he became a simple Scottish gentleman. As for the Countess of Nithsdale, the thought of her gallant rescue of her husband always makes my blood to boil, because our own scheme, which was so safe and easy, was put out of our power by the act of Providence, as you shall learn presently. Lady Nithsdale did not, however, resort to this stratagem until she had first tried every method. She even waylaid the King on his passage to the Drawing Room from his own apartments. She held in her hands a petition, drawn up by her husband, and as he passed she threw herself at his feet, crying out in French, so that he could not pretend not to understand, that she was the unfortunate Countess of Nithsdale. He made as if he would pass without attending, but she caught at the skirt of his coat; he tried to tear it from her hand, and actually dragged her on her knees (was not this an act of Kingly clemency?) to the very door of the Drawing Room, where two of the officers seized her, one by the waist and the other by the hands, and so tore her from the King's presence.

Lady Derwentwater fared no better, except that, with a cruelty only equalled by James II. when he saw the Duke of Monmouth after trial, the King consented to receive her. The unhappy woman, who was accompanied by the Duchesses of Cleveland and Bolton and by many other great ladies, was presented to the King by the Dukes of St. Alban's and Richmond, sons of Charles II., and therefore half-uncles to Lord Derwentwater.

The Countess fell upon her knees (it was on Sunday, after Divine Service, when the heart should be naturally open to compassion, as being just absolved from sin and still repentant), and thereupon, in a kind of rapture, implored the King for mercy. Those who were present and heard her have declared that never could they believe a woman able to speak so movingly, with such eloquence, such art (as it seemed, but it was only the art of great love and great misery), such passion. Those who were with her wept aloud, and even among the gentlemen there was not a dry eye or a face unmoved—excepting only the King. While every heart was bleeding, he alone stood listening with hard eyes and fixed lips, and presently suffered her to be led away without a word of hope. Her husband, he was resolved, should die. He was the youngest, the noblest, and the best of all; he was no more deeply involved than the rest; but he was the friend and companion of the Prince;

therefore, he must be sent to his doom. Is it not wonderful that any man, much more wonderful a Prince, should be found not only so vindictive, but so lost to honour and to shame, as thus to sport with the misery and despair of a woman, and take pleasure in seeing his victim's wife lying humbled at his feet?

Yet, I suppose, to show some pretence of clemency, on the following day, namely Monday, the 20th of February, four days before the execution, two noblemen went to the Tower, and offered my Lord his life if he would acknowledge the title of King George and adopt the Protestant religion. The Earl refused (could a man of honour accept these conditions?), declaring that he would sooner lose his life than give up his Faith. I heard these things, day by day, from Lady Cowper, and I believe no secret was made of them, for Mr. Hilyard heard them at the Coffee Houses and in Newgate, whither he went daily, and where, you may suppose, the fate of the Lords was watched with alternate hope and fear; for, as those noble heads were brought nearer the block, every man felt his own neck tightened.

The next day, being Tuesday, they sent two Protestant ministers to the Earl, begging that he would only send for some learned Divine of the Church of England as if to consult on religious doubts. But my Lord had no doubts, and would not pretend to any, even if thereby he might save his life. I could have wished, so that I could feel his future lot assured, that he had become a Protestant; but to pretend religious doubts, to sell his Faith for a few transitory years, this would have destroyed for ever the noble image that lived in my heart, and put in its place a poor and contemptible creature, indeed.

Whilst the Countess and her great friends were vainly endeavouring the release of Lord Derwentwater, others were resolved to attempt it, and would have carried it out in much simpler fashion but for fate, or rather Providence, which willed otherwise. Frank Radcliffe, like all persons in his sad condition, one day contemplated death with resignation, and the next looked forward with confidence to getting better in a few days. In one of the latter periods Jenny communicated to him her design, which we had hitherto hidden from him. Immediately he fell into a kind of fever in his anxiety to be the means of liberating his brother. He would go that very day; the next day, then. There must not be a moment lost. What did it matter if he were imprisoned if only the Earl could be saved? If he could not walk, he must be carried.

"Cousin Dorothy," the poor lad whispered, "my life has been of very little account. What can a poor Catholic gentleman do in this country, which denies him everything? I might have been a scholar,



but you will not admit me to your Universities; or a statesman, but I may not enter Parliament; or a soldier, but you will not suffer me so much as to carry the colours. Yet, am I not an Englishman? Let me do one thing, at least, before I die. Do not tell Jenny, because I think she loves me; but I believe that I am dying."

I told him (though I knew it was untrue) that he should not die, but recover and live; yea, that he should do this brave thing. But my heart sank within me, for he was now so weak that he could not stand upon his feet or hold up his head, and his cough was so violent that it seemed to tear him asunder. He had no ease except when Jenny was with him, which could not be in the evenings. She charmed away his cough, and laid him, by that magic skill of hers, in a quiet slumber, during which, at least, he did not cough. I met the girl now without the repugnance which first I felt towards her, forgiving her deception in the matter of the sorcery at Dilton, and even forgetting that she was an actress, and seeing in her the only woman who was able to alleviate the sufferings of this poor dying lad. What matter, now, that he was in love with her, or she so ambitious as to look for him to marry her?

In these days, when each hour was of importance, Mr. Hilyard and I looked at each other with sad and despairing eyes, but dared not say what was in our hearts. Frank was dying; the hopes that he built upon his likeness to his brother were fast fading. If ever he rose again from his bed it would be after his unhappy brother was executed and buried. Yet Jenny for one could not believe it.

"He is better," she said every morning; "he is better and stronger than yesterday. Last night he slept. His physicians assure me he is easier. With one more good night's rest he will be strong again."

"Oh! Jenny," I whispered, "he will never be strong again!" But she shook her head impatiently, and would not listen.

One morning, beside his bedside, while he slept, she told me with many tears, how the poor lovesick boy followed her, without any encouragement from herself, from place to place when she first began to play, so that it became a subject of ridicule and mirth for the company; how it was he who first gave her dresses in which to make a brave show upon the stage; how he encouraged and exhorted her to study and practice and not to lose heart, but even before an audience of bumpkins and upon the boards of a barn to do her best and to speak out as if for a London audience; how he took her from her strolling company and brought her to London and paid for her lodging, treating her with such honour as one doth not, alas! always expect or often observe in a gentleman towards an actress, or a woman of her lowly origin; how, at length, but not until her efforts were crowned with success, and she became almost at a leap a favourite of the great city and one of His Majesty's servants at Drury Lane, he asked her to marry him. "Oh! Miss Dorothy," she said, "you know me, what I am. Why, my father was a gipsy, though a King among gipsies, and, as for me, I can conjure, tell fortunes, read the future, lie, steal, cozen, and cheat the eyes with any of them; or better, because some are foolish and clumsy. Yet he would marry me—a gentleman would marry me! I have plenty of lovers at my choice. But for marriage—no, indeed. It was I who kept him from going off with Mr. Charles last summer. What? Let my man go fighting on other people's business? Not I. What do I care for Prince or Pretender, this King and that? He will marry me, as soon as he gets well; and then I will leave the stage, and we will live somewhere retired, where no one will ask if I was once Jenny Lee, the actress. For, look you, Miss Dorothy, I would not shame him."

"But he is a Catholic, Jenny. Would you, too, become a Catholic?"

She laughed. All the gipsy came into her face.

"Why," she said, "for that matter I am a Protestant with you; if I go to the tents of my people, what are they, and what am I, with them? They lie in the sun; they love the open air; they whistle to the birds; like the birds, they live to day, and to-morrow they die, and are buried in the ditch, and so forgotten. But to live is enough for them. Oh! that I were out of this town and in the open country, with Frank well and strong beside me. What matter what he believes and calls his Religion? It shall be mine as well." She spread her arms abroad and gasped, "As soon as he gets well."

Now, all this time, Frank was lying in this sleep into which Jenny had thrown him. When she went away, at last, she made those motions with her hands which always awakened him. He was easier, it seemed, but his voice was low. She kissed him on the forehead, bade him keep quiet and sleep if he could, and left us. I was to stay with him all the evening.

"Tell me again," he whispered, "what I am to do in order to rescue my brother James."

Alas! It was already Saturday; the fatal day was fixed for the following Thursday; though that we knew not. But I knew very well that the day was now very near.

"Do not speak, then, Frank, but listen." So I told him all over again, just as one tells a child the same story till he knows it by heart, and yet must have it told over again, that he was to be disguised with false eyebrows and paint, and so, with Jenny, gain admittance to his brother's cell, and then—but I had already told the scheme, which was as simple as it was clever. He felt so easy this evening, though weak, that it pleased him to imagine himself carrying out this brave project.

In the evening, when he had taken some broth, he felt, he said, his strength returning fast, and tried to sit up, but with no great success. "Sometimes," he said, "I wake in the night cold and shivering, and feel as if the dews of death were already upon my forehead; sometimes I awake full of courage, and, though in the darkness, think to see my life stretching far before me with Jenny in my arms. I am resolved what I shall do when I recover. I shall shall marry her without delay, and take her from the Theatre (where her ambition has been sufficiently gratified), and so away to the country, or, perhaps, to France, where we will live retired and meditate." Then he spoke of the joys of a country life, and how among such simple pleasures as books, a garden, and the open air, the years would peacefully slip away. "I want no more," he said. "Perhaps I formerly asked too much of Heaven. Who am I that I should sigh for distinction and honour? What profit would they be to me beside a calm and peaceful life with the woman I love? Let others care for these things."

I asked him, seeing that it gave him no pain to speak, how it was that he fell in love with Jenny.

"I know not how," he replied. "Perhaps it was because I found with her, from the very first, a strange rest; she seems to know beforehand what are my very thoughts and what I wish. Besides, she is, as everybody confesses, the most beautiful of women as well as the most sprightly, the most bewitching, and the most witty. How do I know why I love her?"

All this he said, and more, in broken discourse as he felt able to talk. In the intervals I read to him or talked to him, nor did I leave him until it was time for him to go to bed, whither his landlady's two strapping sons carried him first, and then guarded me, armed with stout sticks—for the streets were full of rough and desperate men—to my own lodging.

I knew not that I had talked with a dying man. Yet in the morning, when they took him his cup of broth, they found him lying cold and dead. His soul had passed away in sleep, and he lay, his head upon his hand, calm, peaceful, and with a smile upon his thin and wasted lips. As for his face, when we looked upon it, it was so like his brother's, that one trembled and felt cold,

knowing that before many days, as poor Frank's face looked now, so would look that other, cold in death.

Mr. Hilyard brought me the dreadful news. Poor Frank! We wept not so much for him as for the ruin of our hopes; for now our last chance was gone. Yet one might well have wept for the shortness of a life which seemed born for happiness. The curse of the Stuarts had fallen also upon the Radcliffes; better had it been for them, a thousand times better, had they married with their own people, and remained plain country knights.

In the chamber where lay the dead man upon the bed (was it possible that the cold face, so white and still, was but last night full of hope and life and the fixed eyes full of light?) sat Jenny Lee, her hands clasped, not crying or sobbing, but as one in a trance. I tried such words of comfort as one attempts in the hour of sorrow; but they were vain. Mr. Hilyard addressed her, ordering her to seek relief in prayer and resignation, but she shook her head. Who shall comfort a woman in the first moments of her bereavement? Frank was dead. Why, then, leave poor Jenny awhile alone with her senseless corpse. Come out and shut the door.

Frank was dead; and with him died the last of our hopes. "Mine," said Mr. Hilyard, "have been dead, since I saw that he could never more leave his chamber. Had that poor lad been strong, we had achieved such a gallant rescue as would have made all England to ring with the story. But he is dead. Poor Jenny! It was for his sake that she took care of her reputation and is blameless. Now he is gone—why—poor Jenny!"

Presently she came forth, still with dry eyes.

"He was a Catholic," she said. "Let us remember that when he is buried. Will you look to his funeral, Mr. Hilyard? His religion did not, you see, prevent him from dying so young any more than if he had been a gipsy lying in a ditch. No matter; I am henceforth of his religion."

We made no reply. She looked about the room and gathered together two or three books.

"These," she said, "I will take, because they are mine, with my own name in them; and if any of his friends care to see where and how he died, it will be well not to let them feel ashamed because he loved an actress. Oh! Miss Dorothy!" she burst into tears and fell to kissing my hands; "it is for you I am crying, not for myself; for Frank is dead, and there is no one now to rescue my Lord, who will surely die."

It was Sunday morning; at that very moment the Countess was pouring out her passionate prayer for mercy, and the King was listening with stony eyes and hardened heart. There was now no room for help or hope; but he must die.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

### MY LORD'S LAST DAYS

LET me return to the last days of Lord Derwentwater, who, perhaps (but of this I am not sure), never heard of his brother's death.

The chief clergyman, or priest, of the Roman Catholic Church in London was then the Reverend Bonaventura Gifford, commonly called in their ecclesiastical manner the Vicar Apostolic. Immediately after sentence had been pronounced, this learned Father applied for permission to administer spiritual consolation and the offices of the Church to this man about to die. For some reason which I know not, this permission was refused, and Dr. Gifford denied admission to the prisoner. The Government, however, consented that a certain Father Pippard, a simple priest, should attend him during the fortnight between sentence and execution.

I have seen and have copied out with my own hand a letter in which this pious man set down all that he remembered concerning my Lord's last days upon the earth. From the beginning, though not without hope (even the meanest and vilest criminal never, I suppose, abandons hope till the cart moves from under his feet, much more this innocent victim), he resigned himself to the steady and fearless contemplation of death, and gave himself over altogether to those religious exercises as were ordered by his spiritual advisers, together with the reading of such books as were most proper for a man so soon about to be summoned before his Judge. Thus, each morning he read, as directed, a chapter or two of the New Testament, and especially those of Our Lord's Passion, with some portion of the "Following of Christ," "The Confessions of Saint Austin," and other good books chosen for him by his adviser. Methinks nothing in the world can so smooth a death-bed and console a dying man as the memory of having written a good book for the consolation of sorrowful and stricken souls and the strengthening of faith for those about to die. (Poor Frank had no such interval of meditation and prayer.) Chiefly my Lord read with wonderful satisfaction, the good priest said, the edifying history of a certain Italian youth, who for some crime—I know not of what nature, or perhaps unjustly, like Lord Derwentwater—was condemned to death, but fell into so beautiful a repentance, and so heartily prayed, meditated, and fasted, that he made of the death which he could not avoid a voluntary sacrifice of himself, his life, and affections, before the Throne of God, thereby imitating the Blessed Example of Him who, though it was ordained by His Heavenly Father that He should drink the Chalice, yet did it voluntarily and of His own free will and consent. This example my Lord proposed to follow.

Further, when they came—not once, but several times—to offer him his life if he would change his religion, which was a most wicked and a most diabolical temptation to lay before so young and so fortunate a man, with all earth's pleasures before him, he refused without the least hesitation or doubt. "And this," said Father Pippard's letter, "he told me with the greatest transport of joy, that having refused his life on such terms, he hoped it was not now making a virtue of necessity; that, had he a thousand lives, he would sooner part with them than renounce his Faith; and, with tears of joy in his eyes, he humbly thanked God for giving him this opportunity of testifying his love for Him." Not once, but twice, they troubled him with this offer, which was as insulting to the honour of the Earl as it was disgraceful to the humanity of those who proposed this temptation. Whoever they were, they entreated him earnestly, even on the day before his execution, that he would make some sign, as it were, of doubt concerning the Articles of the Roman Catholic Faith, if only to borrow a book of Protestant controversy. But he steadfastly refused to beg his life on these terms. I have sometimes thought that possibly it was the Archbishop of Canterbury who was thus anxious to find an excuse for begging a reprieve. Everybody knows well that there were some, even among the Ministers and in the Privy Council, who would gladly have seen him pardoned, if only a show of reason could be arrived at with which to move the King. But without such excuse there was no possibility of further interference, and so the law must take its course.

One more chance remained, and it was the last. The Countess had appealed in person to the King, but without avail; she would now appeal to the Houses of Parliament. On Tuesday this noble and courageous woman, accompanied by a large number of ladies, her friends, went to the House of Lords with a petition, which was presented by the Duke of Richmond. The petition was supported by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and, which was thought a most remarkable thing, by the Earl of Nottingham, one of the Ministers. In the end the House moved that an address be presented to the King, that he should reprieve such of the condemned Lords

as should deserve his mercy. A motion to the same effect was made in the House of Commons, but was rejected by a majority of seven, some of the speakers against it being very violent.

The interference of the Lords did no good, except to anger and harden the King so far as Lord Derwentwater's case was concerned; but on Wednesday Lord Widdrington and Lord Carnwath were reprieved. Lord Nairn had already been reprieved through the instance of Lord Stanhope, who declared that he would resign his office if his old schoolfellow at Eton was not pardoned. On Thursday, though he knew it not and escaped on that same day, Lord Nithsdale was also reprieved. It is therefore clear that from the beginning it was resolved to make an example in the person of the youngest and the least guilty (supposing there is any guilt in taking up arms for your lawful Sovereign).

On Thursday, when three out of the seven Lords were already reprieved, the Countess made another effort to see the King. She was as before accompanied by her friends. But the King this time obstinately refused to see her, and gave her to understand that her husband's execution would take place the next morning.

Then at last she ceased her exertions, and went to the Tower for her last most sad and sorrowful parting with her husband, the thing dreaded by him far more than the executioner's axe, inasmuch that he had begged her, through Lord Widdrington, to take her last farewell a week before, in order that his last moments might be wholly given up to God. But this was too hard for her to bear, and he was overruled. Father Pippard wrote in that letter of his, "No man could have a greater regard and tenderness for his wife than he had for you, and I think there could not be a greater argument of it than this, that when he seemed to be raised above the sentiments of the world in everything else, he had not quite got the better of himself in regard to your Ladyship, though even here he appeared wonderful to me. For the last morning your Ladyship parted from him I was surprised to find him so composed; and, congratulating his Lordship upon the victory he had gained over his affections, he answered that you had been, both of you, upon your knees begging that favour of God, for nigh a quarter of an hour before you took leave of each other."

Nothing more sorrowful can be thought of than the picture of that unhappy pair kneeling side by side to pray that they might so gain the victory over their affections as to part with each other with resignation. It cannot be a part of religion—I cannot bring myself to think that it is—for a man thus on the point of death to tear his wife out of his heart, or for her to let him go out of hers. Rather should they thank Heaven for the earthly love they have enjoyed together, and pray that it may be continued and glorified in the heavenly world, so that they may together experience the joys of that Blessed Abode, and be the more happy in knowing of each other's bliss. But perhaps Catholics think differently, and although they have made marriage into a sacrament (without Scriptural warrant), they have ever been harsh as regards their opinion of women.

Every year, once, on the day of my Lord's execution, I read this letter of Father Pippard with tears, and I make no doubt that his widow did the same; for she never smiled after her husband's death, but slowly wasted away, and some years later died, being then not yet thirty, poor soul! (It was in Louvain that she died, and lies buried in the English convent there, having been a most pious woman, and strict in the practice of all the duties enjoined by her Church.)

During that last fortnight the Earl talked continually, while the Countess was with him (this she told me herself), of his early days and the few events of his short life, just as old men soon about to die love to think of the days when they were young and strong. He spoke of his education at St. Germain's, of his return to his native country and the greetings of his friends and cousins, of the summer he spent chiefly in my society, speaking of me, even at such a time, in words of kindness which I can never forget, and recall with a kind of pride that so great and noble a heart should deceive himself into imagining that I possessed those great qualities which he ascribed to me. It is only a good heart which thinks others good. He even sent me a last gift in token of his regard and affection for me and in memory of our former friendship. "Give Dorothy for me," he said, "with my love and prayer for her welfare—something—whatever thou wilt. But let it be something which I have given to thee, sweetheart, since we married. This she will value most."

Surely never was there a more loyal and generous man. He wished me to feel that he had never forgotten me; but, withal, I must learn that he loved me with an affection pure and free from earthly passion, as he desired my affection to be towards him; and this he would show by giving me something which he had given to his wife; this I need not be ashamed as a virtuous woman to receive, nor he as a Christian man to offer; nor she, as one who wholly possessed his heart, to give.

In this spirit I accepted the ring of topaz and amethyst which the Countess drew from her finger and put upon mine, kissing me with abundance of tears, and saying, "Did you ever hear the like, Dorothy, that one woman should give to another a gift from her husband and yet not be jealous! Yet, dear Dorothy, I have known all along how much he continued to love you and esteem you, and that without the least suspicion or touch of jealousy, so true he was, and open in all that he did and said, and so sure was I that I owned all his heart." She did, indeed, and I could now think of it without bitterness, though there was once a time when I wondered how men could so change their heart as to be all for one woman in the spring, so to speak, and all for another in the summer. For sure and certain my Lord had no eyes for any other woman save in the way of honest and friendly affection, after he was married; and to him she was a good and loyal wife, though (because she was human) not wholly free from certain small imperfections which sometimes caused rubs, due to quickness of temper and the like, of which we know.

But oh! to think that in this, his last mortal agony, being at the very threshold of death, in the ante-room of the Great Judgment Hall, a soul trembling in the presence of his Maker, engaged in earnest repentance, and anxiously seeking assurance of forgiveness, he should have thought of me! I have desired in my will that this ring, with one other thing, be buried with me in my coffin.

I asked the Countess how he looked in these days. She told me that for want of the fresh air and riding exercise, to which he was accustomed, he was pale of cheek, but that, owing to the fasting diet which he thought becoming to one in his position, he was grown thin, and his eyes were brighter than of ordinary. For the rest he was grave, and smiled no longer (could one ever forget the sweet smile that always played upon his lips and the kind light that lay in his eyes?) He shed few tears (save that at parting with his wife he gave one sob, because he was so brave and resolute by nature), and because, by special grace of Heaven, he was enabled to look upon the separation as for a brief space only. But he wept bitterly when he parted from his infant children, praying Heaven to protect his boy, then two years old, and like an angel for beauty, and his infant daughter (the boy is since dead, being killed by an accident at nineteen years, but the girl, Lady Anna, is not long since married to a Catholic Peer, the Lord Petre, whose uncle married her aunt, my Lord's sister. May she be blessed with a long life and many children!)

(To be continued)



A HOLIDAY ON THE NORFOLK BROADS

ONE of the greatest difficulties about a holiday is the "where to spend it." No great mistake, however, can be made if the Norfolk Broads are settled upon as the *venue*. These of late years have been frequently described in prose and sung of in verse, but still they are not so well known as they deserve to be;—a remark which applies to East Anglia generally, a district of many characteristic and unique beauties and objects of interest. The East Anglian Broads, lakes, lagoons—call them what we will—large and small, cover an area of some 5,000 acres, and are connected more or less by about 200 miles of rivers, of which the Bure, the Yare, and the Waveney, with their tributaries, are the chief. These all fall into a large estuary called "Breydon Water," which lies due west of Yarmouth, though there is another kind of estuary south-west of but close to Lowestoft, formed by Oulton Broad and Lake Lothing: Oulton Broad being connected with the Waveney by "Oulton Dyke," as seen in our illustration.

It would require some pages of guide-book writing fully to describe the small illustrations of a "Holiday on the Norfolk Broads," of which, by the way, Oulton is, to speak more *hitherto*, a Suffolk Broad. The Broads may be divided into three groups, namely, those which lie north-east and east of Norwich, those at the north of Yarmouth, and those in the neighbourhood of Lowestoft. Oulton Broad is the most frequented of the East Anglian inland waters, and is the favourite resort of the London angler. It is also a home of "six-tonners," and tonners of higher or lower degree, and just at the present time it harbours almost as many of these white-winged water-butterflies as it does swallows in the autumn preparatory to their leaving our shores for more sunny climes. Cantley Regatta, under the auspices of the Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club, is the reason of this gathering. The East Anglian "inland" yachts which navigate the Broads and their connecting rivers, are noted for the largeness and snowy whiteness of their mainsails, and are striking features in the Broads district scenery, as they stand out against the foliage of the woods or the greenery of the flat marshes through which they wend their way. In great and pleasant contrast too are they to the heavy hulls, the very substantial masts, and the almost black sails of the "Norfolk wherries," which are a kind of nautical cross-breed between the barge and the common decked sailing boat. They have been used for generations for the goods traffic of the region; and so might almost be called East Anglian river vans. When the wind fails they are pushed along by poles called "quants." On the Broads and rivers may often be seen fishermen, not worthy of the name of anglers, "spinning for jack" by simply trawling a spinning bait as they are rowed along, a most unsportsmanlike but apparently popular proceeding. Then again "the professional eel-catcher's house" catches the eye, moored alongside the reeds and sedges of the rivers, or up some quiet "dyke," a little off the main waterways. The "drainage pump" is also a familiar object to the watery *voyageur*, and if it were not for these self-acting arrangements the expanses of marshland would often become "drowned." Holiday makers will also see many curious old churches, and many ruins of ancient castles and other buildings on the banks of the rivers, or on the uplands a little distance from them, or near the Broads. A notable ruin is Burgh Castle, on the banks of Breydon Water, the lines of the old Roman encampment, called "Garianonum," being distinctly traceable. Burgh St. Peter's Church, with its unique tower, is one of the most curious edifices, after its kind, not only in East Anglia, but in England; while Eccles Church Tower is all that is left of the old edifice, owing to the encroachment of the sea. On many parts of the East Anglian coast the ocean has eaten up large tracts of land—for instance, at Cromer, opposite which, beneath the waves, lie the submerged village and church of Shipley; while in some districts the land has gained upon the sea. Thus there is a give and take business going on, in which, however, "take" has the advantage. But "Notes," like holidays, must come to a close, and so we will say farewell to the occupants of a Norfolk "wherry, fitted up as a house-boat," by raising the hatches above the deck, wishing them a good day with the roach, rudd, and slimy bream which abound in East Anglian waters, and safe deliverance from the unpleasant accompaniment and after consequences of a "marsh fog."

Holiday makers who want to know "all about the Broads" cannot do better than get the little handbook thereon, published at the Office of the *Argus* at Norwich.



"EUPHORION" was the name Goethe gave to the child born of the mystic marriage of Faust and Helena. Faust has come to be recognised as the personification of mediævalism; Helena as the spirit of antiquity. From the union of these sprang the Renaissance. Hence "Vernon Lee" has chosen the name, "Euphorion" (2 vols: T. Fisher Unwin) as the title of her "Studies of the Antique and the Mediæval in the Renaissance." Some of these studies have already appeared in magazines and reviews, and they are now brought together without any attempt to give them unity or sequence. In a lengthy introduction the author half defends and half apologises for the fragmentary character of her book. She regrets her inability to give a complete picture of the Renaissance, and yet is pleased with the notion of dipping into the period here and there. At one moment she is disappointed that she is not an historian; at the next she seems almost proud to be called a literary historian. Indeed "Vernon Lee" has been at altogether unnecessary pains to explain and defend her literary method. The public would be highly exacting could they not accept without apologies from the author essays so delightful and scholarly as these. They make one more rent in the veil of ignorance and mystery which until recently has obscured the true meaning and power of the condition known as the Renaissance. "The Sacrifice," the first essay of the volumes, deals with the question broadly, and shows at what expense the leaders of the Renaissance won back truth and freedom for mankind. "The Renaissance reinstated the individual in his human dignity as a thinking, feeling, and acting being . . . at the expense of individual degradation and social disorder." Of the other essays, dealing with particular phases of the Renaissance, that on "Mediæval Love" is the most interesting. The book, indeed, is fascinating throughout. It does not show such great knowledge and such critical power as distinguish the writings of Mr. John Addington Symonds when dealing with the same subjects. The sense in "Vernon Lee's" essays is sometimes a little obscure, and the style is often hectic. But they are the product of a finely-gifted and sympathetic mind; and they treat with copious knowledge of an intensely interesting period.

"Life, Function, and Health" (Hodder and Stoughton) is the title of some lectures delivered by Dr. H. Sinclair Paterson to the Young Men's Christian Association in Aldersgate Street. The parts of the book are also published separately. The lectures are direct and well-intentioned, and doubtless appealed with force to the audience to which they were delivered. To general readers, however, such an intimate mixture of moral and physiological teaching will be somewhat distasteful. Dr. Paterson is better worth reading when he is giving plain rules for health than when he is engaged in

polemics with men of science. He sets the late Mr. Darwin right on several points, and believes that every antiquarian discovery tends to establish the authenticity of the Old Testament. Dr. Paterson does not think it is wise for people who have much work to do to go to theatres, and he is sorry to see that so many persons read the sporting papers.

Mrs. W. T. Greenup's "Homely Hints on Health" (Marcus Ward and Co.) is full of good sound advice similar to that given by Dr. Paterson, but without the doctor's moral accompaniments.

Mr. S. Grosvenor, of 324, Upper Street, Islington, has issued a volume of "Fables" by Mr. Walter Brown, with woodcuts by Bewick. As Mr. Brown's fables are not distinguished for their wit or wisdom, it may fairly be presumed that they merely afford an excuse for reproducing Bewick's woodcuts. Concerning these, it is to be regretted that the publisher has not furnished some particulars. Bewick's blocks were, it is well known, closely copied by his imitators, and the pedigree of these would be of some interest. It is not even stated whether Bewick was only the engraver or also the draughtsman of these blocks. Several of them exhibit faulty drawing, and of these it may be presumed Bewick was only the engraver. It is, however, difficult to form any precise judgment as to the original condition of the blocks, for they are so worn that they possess, in many cases, little or no artistic value. It is evident that they have been carefully printed, but no process of printing can restore its delicacy to a worn block.

All English illustrated picture-catalogues are thrown into the shade by the superb "Catalogue of the Art Department of the New England Manufacturers' and Mechanics' Institute" (Boston: Cupples, Upham, and Co.; London: Triebner and Co.). It is a sumptuous volume in a grey wrapper, printed on fine paper, and containing numerous illustrations of the pictures exhibited. These are reproduced by etching, wood-engraving, and photography, and many of the plates are excellent examples of art. It seems, however, a pity that so much art should have been bestowed upon illustrating what appears to be a collection of but indifferent pictures. Various essays on art subjects by well-known American writers add to the interest of the volume.

The issue of the third volume of "Old and New Edinburgh" (Cassell and Co.) completes this valuable and interesting work. Almost every page has its illustration—often an excellent specimen of wood engraving; and Mr. James Grant's letterpress omits nothing of either antiquarian or modern interest.

"Red-Letter Days Abroad," by John L. Stoddard (Boston: J. R. Osgood and Co.), is a chatty volume of travel in Spain, Germany, and Russia, remarkable for the excellence of its illustrations. Some of the portraits are admirable, and the illustrations of the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play are particularly interesting.

"The Round Table Series" (Edinburgh: W. Brown, 26, Prince's Street), is the name given to some anonymous essays dealing with the lives and works of great writers. The essays on Emerson and George Eliot are already published, and one on Mr. Ruskin is announced. The writers aim at interpreting the ethic import of the writers of whom they treat, and the essays of Emerson and George Eliot are fair and lucid.

"Cupid's Darts; or, Remarkable Love Letters," edited by "J. B. S." (London Literary Society), is a poorly executed compilation. The letters follow no chronological or other order, the prefatory notes are commonplace, and some of the letters are not love-letters at all. But pains have evidently been taken to bring together a representative series of letters, and they range from Petrarch and Henri Quatre to Charles Dickens and Charles Mathews.

"Where Shall I Educate My Son?" by Charles Eyre Pascoe (Houlston and Sons), is meant by its author as a guide for middle-class persons of small means. Mr. Pascoe goes thoroughly into the question of expense, and gives a complete list of the scholarships at various schools. Particulars are also given of such colleges as Wellington, Marlborough, Royal Naval School, &c., and there is a useful list of endowed grammar, county, and proprietary schools, whose fees do not exceed 20*l.* per annum.

LOVE-LETTERS

AMONG the many subjects at which mature age laughs—sea-sickness, first love, penny buns, or shilling gloves—a prominent place must be given to love-letters. They are the froth and effervescence of life's river, swept away by the full flood of happiness, unthought of and unheeded when, after marriage, the broad stream once more resumes the placid flow with which it passes into the great sea rounding all our little lives. And so age smiles, and flatters itself that worldly wisdom and commercial note-paper are of superior worth to the dainty violet-scented *billets* which, when young, it hugged to its heart. Men would fain be cynics herein, but human nature is too strong for them. Memory at once convicts them of insincerity, and the laugh rings false upon the lips. Next to receiving a love-letter, there is no purer pleasure upon earth than writing one, and that because the recipient must always be to a certain extent fearful, as he reads, lest some shade of devotion be omitted, while the writer of one simply pours out in fullest trust and love the emotions of his heart. And yet there is a sadness about love-letters. They mark the end of youth, the beginning of the cares of mature life. As Pope says, when Belinda awakes:—

and, if report say true,  
Her eyes first open on a *billet-doux*,

from that moment love-sick troubles deepen. Strephon's anxieties are added to Belinda's own, and before many years or months have passed "the purple light of love and bloom of young desire," of which another great English poet speaks, die out into the grey skies and cloudy atmosphere of domestic life. Venus and Cupid and the Graces abhor butchers and bakers, especially when the latter are clamorous for money. After marriage Endymion may long wander on Latmos before Latona will trouble herself to join him. Yet not so long ago there was a time when the winged ankles of Mercury sped all too slow as he carried love-letters for the anxious lovers. Even before the days of the penny post lovers sent each other letters; and if those of Mary Queen of Scots prove so intensely interesting to us of the nineteenth century, what would we not give were Dr. Schliemann to exhume at Troy a casket full of the love-letters of Helen?

In mature life love-letters are not merely mirth-provoking, they are an anachronism. No one can write a love-letter proper after a twenty-five. Before that age fancy, imagination, emotion, self-effacement, consecration of the beloved object, abandonment of worldly, even of prudential considerations, are all swept along as a man writes by the full rush of love, much as the Tweed in flood-time hurries off boughs, hurdles, posts, "stooks" of corn to the sea. After twenty-five a frigidity seizes the most impassioned style. The lover thinks before he commits his raptures to paper, and sober reflection is fatal to love rhapsodies. A widower's love-letters are chilling and matter-of-fact, worldly, and business-like. If a widow knows what she is about, she does not attempt to write aught but plain, unimpassioned prose to her admirer. Her woman's tact forbids her to meddle with a strain of poetry and passion which has long ceased to flow spontaneously from the heart. At the best of times love-letters only appeal to youthful hearts, and only when those two youthful hearts beat in entire sympathy with each other. A man may keep a bundle of love-letters for *souvenirs*, but he could not trust his sense of the ludicrous were he to try to read them. Not the truest and tenderest of love effusions can bear publicity; who can repress a smile when such letters are read in a

Court of Justice? If they are in the least degree poetical, high-flown, or exuberant, what a sad appearance do they not make! Only think of calling upon the world to witness every act and word of tenderness which passes between two sincere lovers; but with what dismay and confusion should we not be overwhelmed were the sentiments expressed in our letters wholly false, mere tinsel, which had been deceptively passed as gold! A modern Blue Beard or Henry VIII. probably writes his love-letters on post-cards, or expeditiously gets through this preliminary of sixth or seventh marriage by sending a telegram. Of all impostors, people who marry for money must feel themselves the greatest when they sit down to write the inevitable love-letters. How can a fancy which is pleasing itself with turning over crisp bank-notes condescend to the flimsy love-coinage of the affections?

We have lately come across a book published in America for swains who feel a difficulty in composing love letters. It comprises 140 specimens, all of them commercial, inflated, didactic. A homely English girl would long for a little more warmth. The more matter-of-fact Yankee maiden takes "that sort of thing" for granted. The chief canon, it seems, for an American love-letter is that "the lady must always be treated with respectful delicacy," and she may be trusted to reply according to the "refined nature of her sex." Once upon a time we liked a little more *abandon* in certain letters of the kind, not yet entirely forgotten. But an American lady must not gush. "As for those ladies who would use such terms as 'Poppet,' 'Duck,' and the like," says this straight-faced Mentor, "out upon them except from lunatics and infants!" His grammar is not quite correct, even if his love-casuistry be in accordance with the conventionalities of polite society in the States.

French love-letters of this commercial type are still more curiously business-like, because a veil of politeness is supposed to dignify the matter-of-fact terms in which they are couched. Few languages are so well adapted to express tenderness and devotion as French, and such letters as those which passed between André Amère and Julie Carron are the very efflorescence and bloom of love-letters. The descent of such a tongue into coolly calculated bathos is proportionally dreadful. A manual of French love-letters by Léon Lambert lies before us which substitutes politeness for passion and worldly considerations for love. It is surprising that people can be found, for instance, who would adopt the following epistolary style;—it is a declaration of love from a young man to a widow:—"Madame, after the grievous loss which you have suffered the duties of society would lead me to respect your sorrow, but after you have paid to the memory of your spouse a just tribute of regrets, may I not be permitted to make you an avowal which I have delayed till now? I offer you a heart entirely devoted to you. I promise you the most constant tenderness, and I await an answer which will make my life joyous or miserable." It is difficult which to admire more in this effusion, its neatness of expression or its business-like tone.

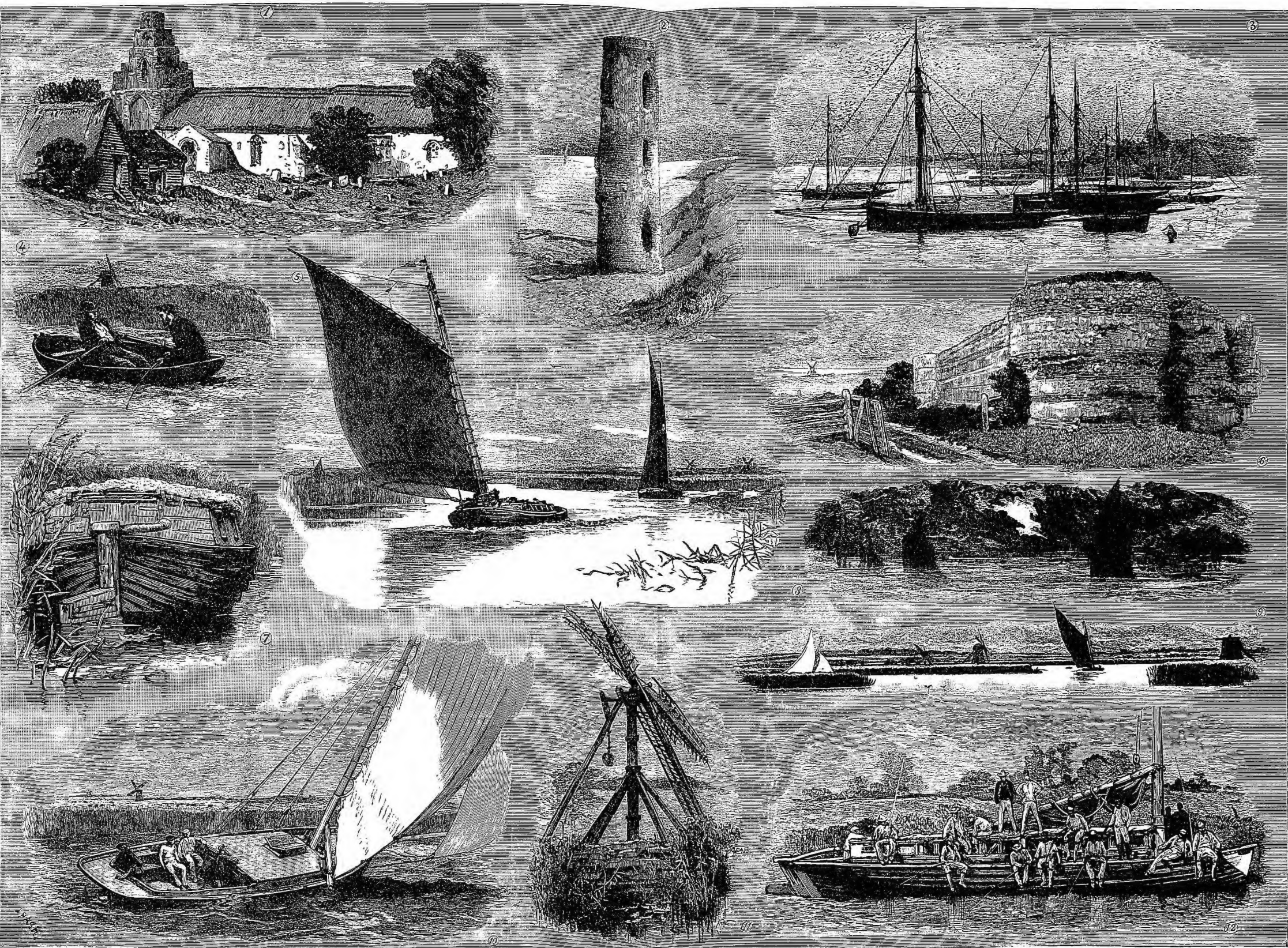
Among English novelists no one has even approached the late Anthony Trollope in the composition of a love-letter. Where others are stilted, flowery, or too affectionate, he alone unites the life-long devotion with the spice of *espiglerie* and the *sourçon* of passion which compose the ideal love-letter. And he had a just perception of the length to which a love-letter should run. Too lengthy an epistle is a great mistake. The little twisted note of three lines which a man can put next his heart, the scrap he finds in his candlestick when going to bed, the few touching heart-broken phrases thrust into his hand at parting—these are love-letters, indeed, to be treasured and read over and again. Tennyson's conceit of the rose sent floating down the stream to the beloved one's garden comes too near an Oriental love-letter. Lalla Rookh might have received such an one, and a Princess in the "Arabian Nights" responded to it by sending back a sprig of myrtle under a snow-white dove's wing. There is no sadder object after the death of a beloved one than a love-letter written in the plenitude of health and spirits. As the few lines written in ink now fading away are opened, they exhale the perfume of kisses and caresses which breathe like messages from another world. Let no one leave love-letters behind him. The matter-of-fact executor tosses the whole bundle into a corner; the housemaid exhibits them in the servants' hall, and takes the choicest phrases to send to her "young man" in the Sunday letter. Finally, worse than Imperial Cæsar's fate when dead and turned to clay, they are wrapped round rushlights or sold to the marine-store dealer. But love-letters have a final cause in domestic life; they point the great moral that all sentiment is evanescent, all affection eternal; that the substance is better than the shadow; the settled sanctities of wedded life more satisfying than all the Graces and Cupids and bright-hued butterflies which hover round new-born love. They emphasise the feeling of honour which forbids every English man or woman to write a love-letter, unless the sentiments it conveys are really felt; and when the love-letter has done its work, and drawn twin souls together by the magic affinity of affection, they warn its recipient as soon as may be to commit it to the flames.

M. G. W.



"THE REMARKABLE HISTORY OF SIR THOMAS UPMORE, BART., M.P., formerly known as 'Tommy' Upmore," by R. D. Blackmore (2 vols.: Sampson Low and Co.), is an extraordinary hotch-potch of wit, mystification, and downright absurdity. To the element of signally successful mystification must be charitably ascribed the faculty for flying in the air, contrary to the laws of human nature, possessed by the hero, "Tommy" Upmore. That Mr. Blackmore would write sheer nonsense without some sufficient purpose or motive we are not disposed to believe; and prefer therefore to suppose that, of set design, he has intentionally rendered his meaning in this matter impossible for any ordinary intelligence to discover. For ourselves, we have sought for the secret by reducing it to allegory, satire, mock science, literal beliefs, and burlesque, and have failed in every way. At any rate a young man who has to carry heavy dumb-bells in his pockets to keep himself from rising into the air like a balloon is a novelty in fiction. No less a novelty in politics is his crowning feat of saving the country on the eve of a critical division by soaring up to the roof of the House of Commons in sight of the astounded members, waving above their heads the Union Jack, which he happened to have about his person, and bursting into patriotic song. This is not after the usual manner of the author of "Lorna Doone." It will have been gathered that the novel, or romance, or whatever it may be called, is largely political, though it is not entirely so. In many respects it is exceedingly amusing, and—apart from "Tommy's" levitation feats—well worth reading. There is both wit and humour in the description of the Bills on which his Government (plainly enough the present) staked their political existence: this is one of the best bits of similar satire that has ever appeared. The present *régime* does not fare well at Mr. Blackmore's hands, which at times condescend to be decidedly personal in their application. The book unquestionably exposes itself to ridicule; but there are so many good things scattered about its pages that the main duty of any critic is to call attention away from its character as a whole.





1. BURGH ST. PETER'S CHURCH.—2. ECCLES CHURCH (NOW IN THE SEA).—3. THE GATHERING OF THE SWALLOWS, OULTON BROAD.—4. SPINNING FOR JACK.—5. A NORFOLK WHERRY.—6. BURGH CASTLE: ROMAN REMAINS.—7. AN EEL-CATCHER'S HOUSE.—8. A MARSH FOG.—9. OULTON DYKE.—10. A SIX-TONNER.—11. A DRAINAGE PUMP.—12. CHEAP YACHTING: A WHERRY FITTED UP AS A HOUSE-BOAT.

A HOLIDAY ON THE NORFOLK BROADS



Mr. Blackmore has done his best to hold up his own views to laughter; and is only too likely to succeed with readers who are not warned beforehand that there is much in the book a great deal too good for them to lose.

Much disappointment is likely to be felt by many who take up the temptingly-entitled novel, "The Violinist of the Quartier Latin," by G. Curzon (3 vols.: Sampson Low and Co.), in the belief of its dealing with the capital of the eternally-fascinating land of Bohemia. It is true that the heroine does, for a short season, disguise herself in male garments, play the violin, and hide herself in the Latin Quarter. But this is only an episode in a novel which is altogether of a highly inartistic character, in subject as well as in form. It is a sensational chronicle of blundering crimes. A dishonest steward palms off his own as his employer's daughter; he throws a man twice over a cliff; he sets a passenger ship on fire when out at sea; finally he turns burglar, and shoots his own daughter dead while she is trying to defend her false father from the designs of her real one. To the imposture the heroine herself is a consenting party; but she is altogether so remarkable and accomplished a young person that it is hardly fair to judge her by ordinary rules. She can disguise herself so as to deceive those who know her best; she can, of course, play marvellously on the violin; she can sing the entire *Stabat Mater* at a sitting, without help; and many other wonderful things. The stagey and stilted style in which the various characters talk is scarcely less remarkable. Men, when they quarrel, call one another "caitiff" and so forth, as if they were behind the footlights. Altogether, if the novel is unlikely to please the readers who may be attracted by the title, it appeals very decidedly to the larger class who like to take their crime and their language strong.

In marked contrast with these sensational revels is the story by "Anon" of "Three Sisters: or, Sketches of a Highly Original Family" (2 vols.: Low and Co.). To pass from one to the other is to fall, or rise, through the whole scale between the grotesquely violent and the laboriously mild. We are told by "Anon" that there was a lady named Denbigh who had three daughters, Nora, Elizabeth, and Theodora, and a little nephew named Tom. These lived in a small German Residenz. The mother taught English; Nora became a pianist; and the two other girls went out as governesses, and one of them died. How this story—there is nothing else in it, not even the suggestion of so much as a flirtation until the last chapter or two—is expanded into two volumes, is superlatively ingenious in its way. The usual process of writing a novel is to dwell upon important matters, and to take the ordinary sayings and doings of daily life for granted. "Anon" reverses this, and deals only with the nothings of every day—how one girl loses her luggage when travelling, how another gets a headache from not eating enough meat, and so on. Obviously the intention was to find how much humour and interest may be extracted from the least promising materials, and it is only fair to say that he has tried hard, and has succeeded fairly well, though without being able to hide what hard work it has been. The result is a domestic photograph on the most curiously minute scale—a sort of *tour de force* only comparable to the feat of writing so small a hand that a microscope is required to read it, or any such ingeniously useless proceeding. Probably much of the story, if such it can be called, is taken from the life, and portions are undeniably amusing. But the only interest it contains consists in a perpetual wonder as to how long the author can contrive to keep his characters going without something or other beginning to happen.

### AN ISLE OF DEVON

AROUND our British coasts are scattered many rock-islands famous in legend or in more authentic chronicle. In the North this is especially so. Song has gathered inspiration therefrom. Sir Walter Scott, for instance, shows us in one of his most picturesque passages the soldiers of Flodden gazing with eager interest on:—

The gallant Frith—lof Forth,  
Whose islands on its bosom float  
Like emeralds chased in gold,

One of these being that haunt of sturdy Scottish confessions—the Bass.

Studding softer seas, the South likewise can display its gems. Far out in the blue waters of the Bristol Channel lies one such rocky fastness. The position of Lundy Island is too conspicuous for the lofty granite mass to be readily ignored by any visitor to the adjacent coasts. This bare, brown dot upon the waves is dear to many a seafarer. It represents in numberless instances, the last glimpse of home on the outward voyage; the first on the return. It is more than simply familiar to western mariners; it is professionally useful. Its lighthouse is their friend and guide.

From whence the name of "Lundy Island" came it is hard to say with any certainty. There is a fine Norse ring about it, and not improbably, it may be all that remains of the fame of some valiant Viking. This is the hypothesis favoured by Canon Kingsley. Doubtless the poet of the "hardy north-easter" liked to fancy his Scandinavian heroes conquering a mimic principality so far afield.

The island is situated immediately opposite to the Bay of Barnstaple, or, as it is indifferently styled, of Bideford. According to the exact topography of the "Gazetteer," Lundy lies twelve miles N.N.W. of Hartland Point, and nineteen W. of the frowning "Morte." For wild and inhospitable grandeur, the latter may send its challenge across the deep even to Lundy's "Constable." "Death Rock" the Normans styled it, and "Death Rock" it is still. What wrecks have strewn its ridges! What cries of mortal anguish have gone up from the swirling breakers at its base! There is decided measure of excuse for the uncomplimentary local proverb that "Morte is the place on earth which Heaven made last and the Devil will take first."

It is by way of Clovelly that communication is principally carried on between the tiny colony of the Lundyites and the dwellers on the mainland. Vessels make the journey at regular intervals of a fortnight in winter, and a week, or less, in summer.

The island, while a mere hazy speck on the horizon, is pretty sure to rivet the attention of the tourist, and at closer quarters reveals a romantic grandeur and beauty. The rugged granite cliffs, rifted and scarred by innumerable tempests, rise sheer from the sea-level to varying but tremendous heights. In the case of the pyramidal rock known far and wide as The Constable of Lundy, an altitude of some 800 feet is reached. These grim, gaunt bulwarks defy with success even the stupendous onset of Atlantic storms. We are told—and the statement is probably true—that step by step, year after year, ocean is gaining on land, and adding on every side to Neptune's waste domain. But Lundy Island has apparently held its own for centuries, and promises to remain unconquered for centuries more. To geologists the rocks of Lundy are specially interesting from the junctions they exhibit of granite and slate, and from the fossils occasionally brought to light in the Devonian strata.

The immediate neighbourhood of the island is dotted in every direction with skerries, islets, and reefs. To the extreme south lies the unpoetically-named "Rat Island." On other sides are noticeable the "Hen and Chickens" group—making a dangerous reef; the Gannet; the Knole Pins; the Lametry Isles; the Seals, Gull, and Black Rocks, &c. Strange and well nigh startling shapes do some of these bleak cliffs take. In fashioning them Madam Nature was surely in one of her most whimsical moods. In

one direction the visitor is mocked by what appears to be the huge, granite mask of a human face; in another the rocks are neatly rounded into symbolical "cheeses." At every point there is something weird, grotesque, abnormal.

Searching the island around there is to be found but one recognised landing-place; and even there the enterprise of getting a foothold on Lundy soil might under some conditions prove sufficiently awkward. Fair weather and placid seas are needed; without them there is real risk. Other creeks and coves may, however, have been surreptitiously used by daring boatmen, for many a duty-free cargo has been "run," in bygone days, by the smugglers of this lonely Western fastness.

But Lundy Island is not simply and entirely a barren, inhospitable mass of granite and slate, in however striking and unconventional shapes. It can honorably compete in its treasures of vegetation with many a more sheltered and prosaic spot on the mainland. Trees—sycamores, willows, oaks—grow there. In season its cliffs are gorgeous with heather and furze-bloom. The dainty foxglove figures amongst its flowers, and there is pasturage for the island cattle on the slopes of its narrow valleys.

The naturalist who should be enthusiastic enough, and sufficiently imbued with the hermit-spirit, to spend a twelvemonth there would reap a rich reward. Wild-fowl in amazing numbers frequent Lundy Island. The solan-goose has a rendezvous on these cliffs—hence the name, in one instance, "Gannet" Island. This is a distinction which Lundy possesses in common with only the Skelligs off the coast of Kerry, and the Bass Rock, and a few other places within the Scottish borders. The gannet is a notable bird, its wings being peculiarly adapted by a beneficent Creator for long aerial flights. Song-birds abound, too, in Lundy, as in the smiling Devon lanes a score of miles away. The long-tailed black English rat has found almost its last refuge amidst these rocks; and seems likely there to resist the pressure of untoward circumstances. Another small quadruped—the rabbit—also thrives.

The length of the island, measured from north to south, is less than three miles. Its breadth is but one mile, and the entire area of Lundy proper falls considerably under a thousand acres. Thus, it will be evident that the human inhabitants are few.

But though restricted in numbers, and in extent of home soil, the Lundyites are a loyal and not altogether an unhappy folk. By calling they are chiefly quarrymen and farmers. In character—as could scarcely be otherwise, considering the isolated conditions of their lives—they are self-reliant and conservative—perhaps a little contemptuous of the town manners and habits of their occasional visitors. They have their little excitements of island politics and social movements, and take but a faint, removed interest in the doings of the great world whose white-winged messengers pass and repass them by the thousand month after month.

A summary of the most important of the island chronicles can be given in a very brief space. "Happy is the country that has no history," says some one, and certainly Lundy in the past would have held itself fortunate to have escaped one or two episodes that figure now upon its records.

During the flight of the 12th and 13th centuries the island appears to have owned the sway of the titled family of Montmorency. W. de Morisco conspiring against the life of Henry III. took shelter there; built a castle; and from what he probably considered a tolerably safe base of operations made numerous piratical incursions on the adjoining coasts. But his hardihood ultimately proved too much for the patience of the authorities. He was surprised, taken to London, and hung. Perhaps remembering this notorious example Edward II., in a troublesome crisis of his reign, journeyed towards Lundy for refuge; but by the buffeting of adverse winds the unfortunate king was driven to land in Glamorganshire instead.

When James I. was monarch one Sir Lewis Stukely was Vice-Admiral of Devon, a great man and a treacherous one. By his scoundrelly manœuvring his own kinsman, brave Sir Walter Raleigh, perished on the scaffold, and detecting the Stukely hand in this judicial murder, many gentlemen deliberately avoided Sir Lewis's society. In bitter chagrin he complained to his sovereign. But with characteristic ingratitude James scoffed at the victim of such richly deserved unpopularity. He refused all assistance. Sir Lewis, within a brief interval, was caught tampering with the King's coin, and he too fled to Lundy. There, in Morisco's Castle, says the island chronicle, he miserably expired. A remarkable instance this of what might be termed true poetical retribution.

Later on, during the terrible struggle of the Civil War, Lord Say and Sele garrisoned Lundy in the interest of Charles I. And then comes the tragedy of Lundy Island. In the reign of William and Mary the French landed on these rocky shores, and by a clever but most dishonest stratagem obtained temporary possession. Their ship ran up Dutch colours, and so was suffered to land a party of men on the avowed errand of interring a deceased comrade. But the cloven foot was quickly shown. The visitors being well armed and fairly numerous had the Lundyites completely at their mercy, and a cruel, inhuman use they made of their opportunity. They carried devastation into every nook and corner of the island, hamstringing cattle, wrecking farm buildings, robbing the inhabitants of the very clothes they wore. Even to this day a Frenchman is scarcely a favourite in Lundy.

In 1840 the island was sold for the sum of 9,870*l.*, and up to the present year has remained in the possession of W. Heaven, Esq. This gentleman has recently died, and perhaps now the British Government may be able to arrange for the erection of the fortifications which they are believed to deem advisable. Emphatically Lundy is a strong site, and by a comparatively small outlay might become, in more senses than one, the Constable of the Channel, whose waters it breaks.

A word in conclusion respecting the lighthouse. This was built in 1820. Its lower (fixed) light is at a height of 506 feet; its upper (intermittent) one is sixty-one feet higher still, brightens every twenty-two seconds, and is visible a distance of more than thirty miles.

And the great ships sail outward and return,  
Bending and bowing o'er the billowy swells,  
And ever joyful, as they see it burn,  
They wave their silent welcomes and farewells.

If any jaded city toiler cares for pure air, the freedom of old ocean, the sensation of exploring a comparatively neglected corner of Queen Victoria's domain, let him go to Clovelly town and Lundy Island.

W. J. L.



MESSRS. WOOD AND CO.—A useful addition to the school-room library is "Frank Percival's Rudiments of Music," which is arranged in a very simple and comprehensive manner, so that quite a young child may be taught progressively, without overtaxing its brains, and may gain a fair knowledge of the rudiments of music by the time it has reached the end of the little book.

MESSRS. FORSYTH BROTHERS.—A collection of easy little ditties for the nursery and schoolroom, written and composed by Mary M. Lemon and Frederick N. Löhr, are entitled "Country

Songs for the Children's Hour." The set of six songs all relate to rural amusements. Both poetry and music are prettily combined, and will surely please juvenile singers.—"The Fountains Mingle With the River" ("Love's Philosophy"), a well-known and favourite poem by Shelley, has been tastefully set to music, for a voice of medium compass, by J. W. Seymour, who has also supplied the music for a brief poem by H. C. Andersen, "Ich Liebe Dich" ("Je t'aime").—Five pieces, of medium difficulty, for the pianoforte by Edouard Dorn are "Dragonenritt," a very spirited *caprice chevaleresque*; "Marche Au Combat," a very showy *morceau militaire*, which should be learnt by heart; "L'Allegresse," a taking *scherezette*; "Songe des Fées," a caprice; and "Souvenir d'Adieu," a romance.—By Edwin Lott are a brace of after-dinner drawing-room pieces—"Geraldine," a flowing nocturne, and "Tête-à-Tête," a *caprice à la valse*. The former is not lacking in originality; the latter decidedly commonplace. Of the same school as the above are "Danse d'Autrefois," by J. L. Roedel, and "Rondo Scherzando," by Frederick N. Löhr.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Three songs of a very sentimental type, music by W. H. Hadow, are "To Althea," words by Lovelace; "Oh! Captain, My Captain," words by Walt Whitman; and "The Lore of Love," words by G. Malcolm. These songs are of medium compass for a tenor (Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co.).—"Our Oars We Ply," a song for a bass voice, music by Frederick J. Crowest, is a fairly good song of a nautical type (John Alfred Mills).—"An Autumn Song," for the pianoforte, by Tobias A. Matthay, is well worth learning by heart to be played in the gloaming (Messrs. Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co.).

### RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

IT is long since we have met with a poem which has so completely engrossed us as "Anima Christi," by J. S. Fletcher (Bradford: J. S. Fletcher). From the exquisite sonnet which serves as a prologue, down to the last line, the author shows himself as a true poet, and a sound Christian philosopher. We do not quote, for the mere reason that it is impossible to select from the many beauties of the poem; it is in three parts, and deals with the gradual progress of a sincere searcher after truth from Atheism through Agnosticism to Catholicism. Mr. Fletcher's verse may, for its melody, bear comparison with that of our best-known writers; as an instance we may cite the beautiful hymn to the Virgin in the last section. We shall look to meet this author again.

There is some tolerable verse, though nothing of very striking originality, in "Sonnets, Stanzas, and a Crescendo Composition," by the author of "Miriam" (Remington). One of the best passages in the work is Eve's lament in the poem entitled "Obscurity;" unluckily the author has selected for this piece a metre which does not lend itself easily to serious poetry in English, though it is a favourite with Swedish writers. "The Johnsonians" consists of a series of rhapsodies on eighteenth-century worthies and topics; that on Burke is very good, but it was surely hardly necessary to inform us, in a footnote, that Goldsmith wrote "The Vicar of Wakefield." "The Stations of the Cross" is pious and mystical, but not otherwise remarkable.

Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. have published in two handsome volumes a new edition of the "Selection from the Works of Robert Browning," first edited, in 1872, by the poet himself; this will no doubt be welcome to his admirers. And from Messrs. David Bryce and Co., of Glasgow, comes a neat little case containing a miniature edition of some of the poems of Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, the American poet, as well as two volumes of corresponding size, entitled "Our Home Beyond the Tide," and consisting of selected religious verses by various authors, some of which are familiar.

It is rather a portentous announcement, on the title-page of a collection of verse, that the entire series is to be published in eighteen volumes! But it must be admitted that the so-called volume is little more than a pamphlet. These remarks apply to "In the Watches of the Night: Poems," by Mrs. Horace Dobell (Remington), of which the first instalment, "Too Late, and Other Poems," is before us. We have failed to discover anything in this to arrest attention,—most of the pieces are of the style once popular in gift-books; but perhaps the best are to come.

One of the most singular books we have met with for some time is "Arsiesis, and Other Poems," by "S. X." (New York: G. P. Putnam, Sons). The author's views on the structure of blank verse are peculiarly his own; the impression left on the mind is that, having embodied his thoughts in prose, he has then proceeded to chop the matter into lengths consisting of ten syllables each, without any regard to caesura, beat, or anything else. Here is a typical passage, taken at random from "The Lovers: a Fragment:—"

It needs me to confess, O fair Alicia!  
The why thou ask'd me what thou hast is not  
O'er clear to me. Perchance I'd answer best  
If I did say that thou had ask'd me what  
Thou didst already know full well, because  
Thou art a woman; and as a reason  
For a woman's whim is e'er past finding  
Out, so likewise is the motive of thy  
Question.

We will not stay to criticise the grammar of this charming passage, nor its delicate treatment of the fair sex, because our non-appreciation of these may be owing to old-world prejudices; but if this is blank verse we poor critics—to say nothing of the poets—must go to school again. Let us speak of the chief piece. It seems that Cleopatra had once a desire to pry into the future, and that to oblige her the priest Arses scientifically constructed a sort of bogie which, like Mr. John Wellington Wells' "patent hag," appeared "to predict disaster." The queen went home a sadder and a wiser woman, and the priest apparently fell in love with his bogie—a sort of Egyptian combination of Frankenstein and Pygmalion this—and died. We would willingly quote at considerable length from this stupendous poem, which surpasses the finest efforts of Pye, but space forbids; still our readers must not be altogether defrauded of enjoyment; here, then, is an impressive passage:—

Oh! Cleopatra, 'tis my way  
To listen well and then obey:  
But now I needs must tell to thee  
That what thou'st asked can scarcely be.  
To-night I cannot tell to you  
What in this thing may Isis do.  
But to the temple I'll repair  
To seek communion with her there,  
And on that day when she is prone  
Through me to make her wishes known,  
To thee a messenger shall go,  
And thou shall quick these tidings know.

Our readers will see from these extracts what a treat is in store for them, especially for those gifted with a sense of the ridiculous. "The Canterbury Tales," purports to be a modernisation of Chaucer by Mr. Frank Pitt Taylor (Chapman and Hall). Where Pope and Dryden failed ignominiously it was hardly likely that Mr. Pitt Taylor should succeed. He is always prosaic, not invariably accurate, and seems to think that special knowledge of some kind is needed for the understanding of the simplest English ever written.

A fairly well compiled little primer for elementary students is "An Introduction to the Study of Shakespeare and Milton" (George Philip and Son). The author, we observe, assumes Shakespeare's authorship of *Henry VI.*, whilst making no mention of *Edward III.* or *Two Noble Kinsmen*; he also considers Milton's later period his best.





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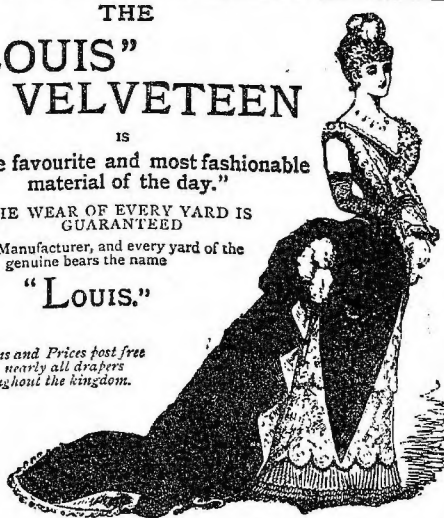
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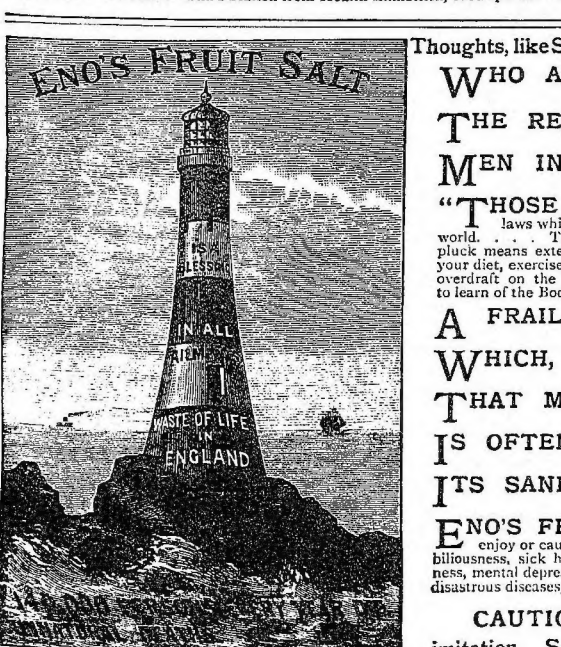
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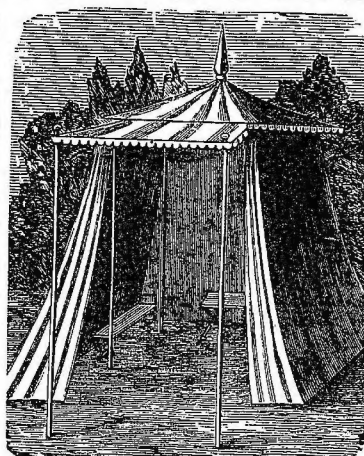
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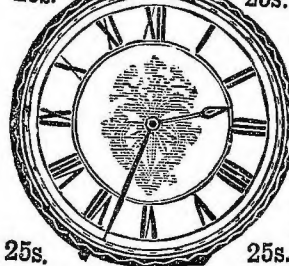
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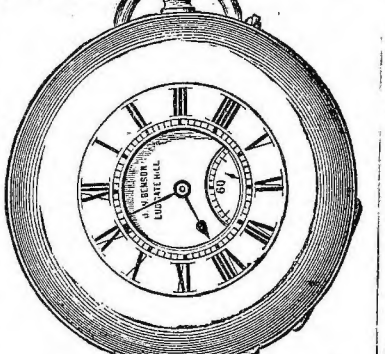
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